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INDIAN SKETCHES

PÈRE MARQUETTE
AND
THE LAST OF THE POTTAWATOMIE CHIEFS

BY

CORNELIA STEKETEE HULST

NEW IMPRESSION.

LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.
FOURTH AVENUE & 30TH STREET, NEW YORK
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1918

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FOREWORD

This little volume of sketches has been prepared with the purpose of supplying children, and such of their elders as know nothing of these matters, with some of the most beautiful and heroic stories from the material for a history of the Northwest Territory. It is constructed on the theory that a history for children should make biography prominent, along with picturesque and social features, but that discussions and deductions fit for mature minds are not desirable in children's books. With a choice of presenting too much or too little of the available material, I have tried to send readers a little hungry from the feast rather than with an uneasy sense that they have had too much, and want no more of Indian history.

In anticipation of the probable criticism that these pictures of Indian life are not only too romantic, but too rosy, I can only say that Marquette, Petit, Catlin, and many other observers who knew the Indians as friends, saw them so. Examining these witnesses as to their credibility, we must conclude that they are not inferior in quality, but far above the ordinary pioneer or business man, for they were all of unusual intelligence, culture, and independence of character; they had no axes to grind, and were free to shake the dust from their feet and move on if they did not find the field profitable and to their liking.

But excellent as the evidence by friendly observers is as to the good side of Indian character, it is still inferior to that obtained from the writings of Chief

Pokagon, Dr. Eastman, and other Indians who have written, or whose speeches have been preserved. The depths of the Indian nature were not revealed even to a sympathetic observer, for the reason that the Indian is habitually reserved in speech. "The Queen of the Woods" by Pokagon and "The Soul of the Indian" by Dr. Eastman are informed by high and pure ideas and ideals, which a superficial contact with white men and their learning could not have hastily evolved, and which explain hard places in the narratives of the travellers. It is time, in the name of truth and justice, that the best sides of the Indian character should be known, and that prejudice should not continue to do the races wrong. That many of the Indians have deteriorated, and gone down under hard modern conditions, does not change the facts of their original character, or of the possibilities of their gifted race.

Foremost among us, C. H. Engle, Esq., of Hartford, Michigan, who assisted the Indians free of charge in securing their legal rights, and the Honorable Daniel McDonald of Plymouth, Indiana, should be honored as true friends of the Indians. Mr. Engle helped Chief Simon Pokagon publish his writings and collect back pay for his tribe; and Judge McDonald persuaded his State's legislature to raise the monument to Menominee. To these should be added Carter Harrison, Mayor of Chicago during the World's Columbian Exposition, who invited Pokagon to take part in the celebration on "Chicago Day."

This little book is dedicated to them, and to all who have done their part to make us understand that the red man and the white man are brothers.

In preparing these chapters on events and persons largely obscured, I have received most generous help from those who know the sources. An acknowledgment is a very inadequate expression for my gratitude. Valuable suggestions and contributions of material have come from the Rev. Daniel E. Hudson of Notre Dame University, Mr. George A. Baker of South Bend, Indiana, and M. G. Van Schelven of Holland, Michigan. The material collected by Mr. C. H. Engle of Hartford, Michigan, and the Hon. Daniel McDonald of Plymouth, Indiana, was placed at my disposal. Much that is of first value was contributed by Mrs. H. H. Hayes of Chicago, and to her I am indebted also for my happy and profitable relation with Mrs. Nelly Kinzie Gordon, now of Savannah, Georgia, the granddaughter of John Kinzie. Facts of value also have been contributed by Mr. J. P. Dunn, President of the Public Library Commission of Indiana, and by Miss Caroline M. McIlvaine, Librarian of the Chicago Historical Society.

Acknowledgment is also due to Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., for cuts of bronze reliefs by Herman A. McNeil in the Marquette Building, Chicago, as follows: Joliet and Marquette Departing from St. Ignace, The Meeting with the Illinois, Attacked by the Mitchigamea, The Death of Marquette, and Burial of Marquette at St. Ignace; to Lorado Taft, Esq., for the portrait of his statue of Black Hawk; to the Chicago Historical Society for the photograph of the Hon. Fernando Jones; and to Catlin's *American Indians,* from which material for the colored frontispiece and the pen-and-ink drawings were made.

Finally, this volume of Indian Sketches goes forth with special greetings to the members of the American Library Association, who met at Mackinaw, for to their interest and kindness it owes its existence.

CORNELIA STEKETEE HULST.

Grand Rapids, Michigan, July, 1912.

INDIAN SKETCHES

INDIAN SKETCHES

CHAPTER I.

THE MISSION OF PÈRE MARQUETTE.

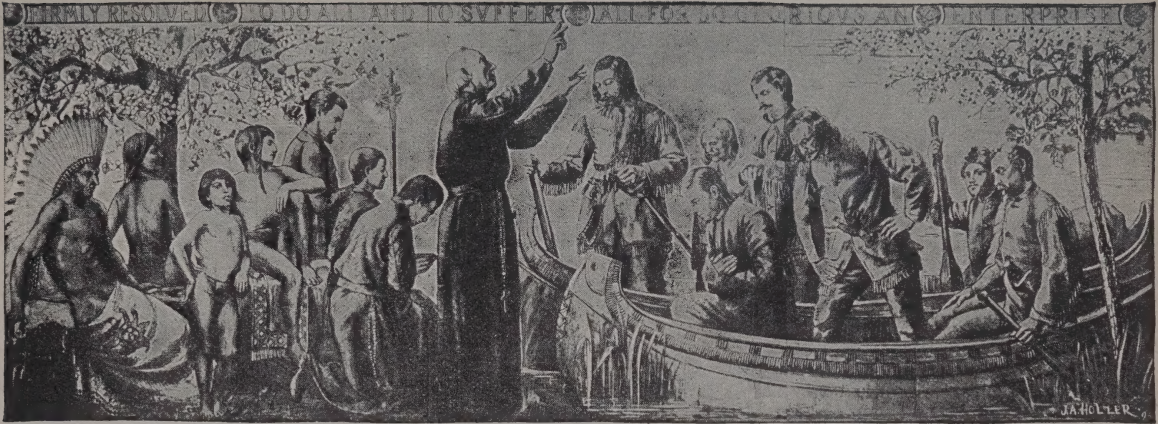
The first white man who sailed his "great canoe with paddles" into Gitche Gumee, the Big-Sea-Water (Lake Superior), was a French trader, Jean Nicolet, who set foot upon the soil of Saulte-de-Ste. Marie in 1634, and a little later passed the straits of Mackinaw into Michi-gum (Monstrous Lake). He was followed soon by missionary priests from France, who started missions at the Soo and the Pointe of Lake Superior:

> From the farthest realms of morning
> Came the Black-Robe Chief, the Pale-face,
> With the cross upon his bosom,
> Landed on the sandy margin.

The greatest of these Black-Robes to carry his gospel into the farthest Lake Region and the northern Mississippi Valley, and to reach the hearts of the Indian people, was James Marquette, *Père Marquette,* to use the name that he taught the children of the forest to call him, for he came as a father among them to teach them his Christian faith. In 1668-9 he preached at La Pointe and helped to build a mission at the Soo; then he founded new missions at Mackinaw and St. Ignace; and finally he went with a trader, Joliet, into the region of Green Bay, across Wisconsin, to the end of Lake Michigan, and down the Mississippi River, in the first white party to cover this course.

Now it happened that in those years the Indians of the Lake region were in sore need of friends and counsel, for the times were troubled and destruction threatened them. In 1649 a long war of extermination had been ended in Canada, in which the Iroquois were victorious, and had killed by torture, if not in battle, all of their enemies, the Hurons, and along with them the devoted missionary priests who were living among them. Fifteen missions were burned down and their priests put to death or mutilated in that savage campaign. But the missions of France were only extended because of it—for again the blood of the martyrs proved the seed of the church—and the next priests who volunteered to carry on the missions in this most dangerous field were heroes, like Marquette, who came expecting to die a martyr's death. Their devotion in the face of such danger appealed to the Indian warriors as teaching alone had not done.

The Hurons had been friendly listeners to the Christian teachings before they met their defeat, but not converts; now the little bands of them who escaped from the Iroquois and fled into the Lake Region were turning Christian, and wherever they went


FIRMLY RESOLVED TO DO ALL AND TO SUFFER ALL FOR SO GLORIOUS AN ENTERPRISE
J.A. HOLZER

JOLIET AND MARQUETTE DEPARTING FROM ST. IGNACE

"Fully resolved to do and suffer everything for so glorious an undertaking."—Marquette's *Relation*

From Tiffany Mosaic, Marquette Building, Chicago among the friendly Algonquin tribes, in the settlements that they made at the Soo, La Pointe, Mackinaw, St. Ignace and Green Bay, missions were established and supported by some of them. They roamed from tribe to tribe, long distances, even down into Illinois, and wherever they went was told the tale of their terrible war, and of the devoted Black-Robes of the missions, who had come to live among them to teach them the truths of the Great Spirit and the Hereafter, and who had been true to them through death by fire. There were rumors that the terrible Iroquois were about to pursue the Hurons and conquer the tribes of the West, and also rumors of encroachments and wars by cruel pale-faced English and Spanish invaders at the East and the South, so the tribes at the West were doubly eager to welcome the Black-Robe who came as a friend and to accept the alliance that he offered them with his Great Chief, the King of France.

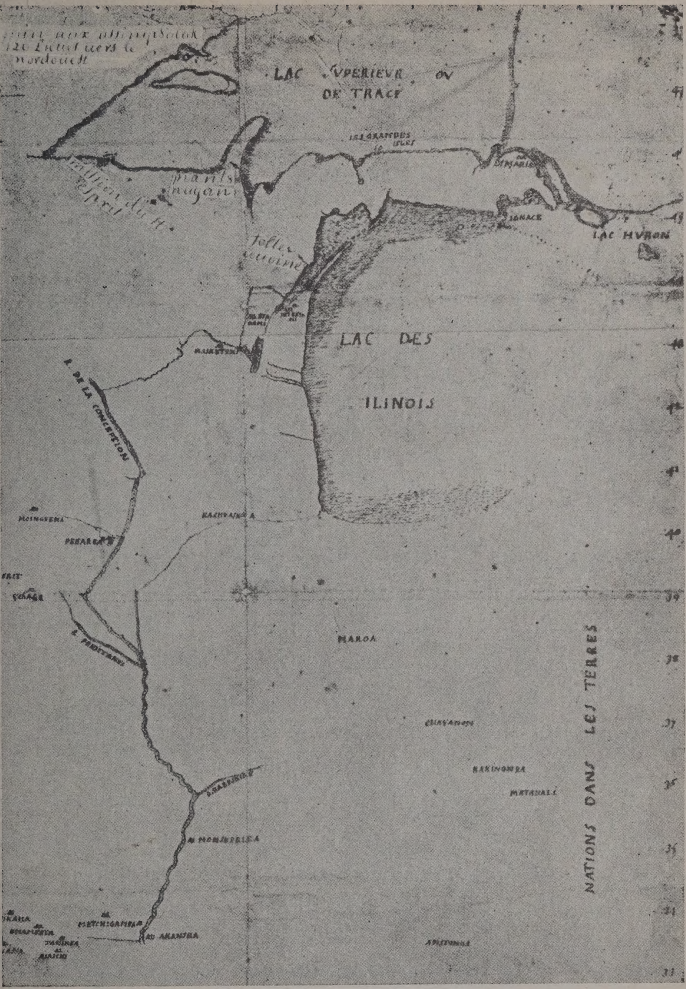
His Christian and political missions were proud, but personally the mission priest of those days was a very humble man, and a man of peace. He lived among the Indians as a brother who is to spend the rest of his life with them; he shared their food, even if it was coarse and dirty; he rejoiced with them in their joys and sorrowed with them in their sorrows, as the wise instructions of his religious order advised him to do when he dedicated himself to his work. When he travelled with them in a boat he took a hand at the paddle and helped transport lading at the portage; he was careful not to carry sand or water into the canoe, as he was likely to do unless he lifted the skirt of his long robe; to avoid cutting off their view with the broad brim of his hat, he laid his beaver aside and wore his tight-fitting nightcap instead. He did kindly little services on the way, lighting the fires with his flint and steel, for the Indian way of making a fire by rubbing two sticks together was hard and slow. He helped supply the food, buying fish from the tribes they passed with some of the beads and fishhooks that he always carried among his stores, knowing how highly the Indians prized such articles. If they were without food, he, too, went hungry, sometimes for three or four days (this often happened among the tribes of the north, when game was scarce). If they had only moss from the rocks, he shared it with them; f their food was powdered fishbone, that was what he ate.

The priests of the mission were counselled to be polite and considerate of the feelings of the Indian people, to visit them in their cabins, to bear their faults in silence, to praise the exploits of their young men and hunters, to pay respect to the old people, to be sympathetic with those in trouble, and to honor the dead; but also, on the right occasions, to be gay and affable, to caress the children, to show no impatience if they screamed and wept, and to be not too long in saying prayers. Doubtless Marquette was polite to his people, for he was greatly loved and honored among them.

The Island of Mackinaw, where Marquette established his mission of Michilimackinac, and his mission at St. Ignace, which he located on the mainland opposite, were directly in the way of all of the Indians who journeyed to the north, the south, the east, or the west by water; and there he met Indians of many tribes and mastered six Indian languages while he did his mission work. There, too, he heard much of the land and the waters at the west, *Michi-gum,* that lay before him, and the *Missi-sepi,* the great river, that rolled beyond. Gradually this all prepared him for the long journey that he was soon to make into the undiscovered country, and the travellers whom he had talked with prepared the tribes to receive him, by telling on their return of his little log Mission, his Chapel, and the counsel he offered.

It was on May 17, 1673, that Marquette embarked at St. Ignace with the Sieur Joliet and five French Voyageurs on their famous voyage. The little mission looked down that day upon a picturesque assemblage as they said farewell, the brave and beloved young priest in long black robes and broad black hat, the strong young trader Joliet in beaver and gay blanket coat, the sturdy Voyageurs in gray homespun, with bright sashes and pudding-bag caps, the natives in skin garments with ornaments of wampum, beads, and feathers. A very different scene it was to be when they brought their priest back to his mission.

From St. Ignace the party followed the right shore of Lake Michigan west and south, speaking often of the beauty of the scenes. They stopped first at Green Bay to visit the Menomonees, a tribe named from the wild rice that grew bountifully in the rich mud bot-


LAC SVPERIEVR OV DE TRACY
LES GRANDES ISLES
LAC HVRON
LAC DES ILINOIS
R. DE LA CONCEPTION
MOINGVENA
MAROA
NATIONS DANS LES TERRES
AU AKANSEA

A PORTION OF PÈRE MARQUETTE'S MAP
From *Jesuit Relations and Allied Documents*, Thwaites.
Courtesy of the Burrows Brothers Co., Publishers, Cleveland, O.

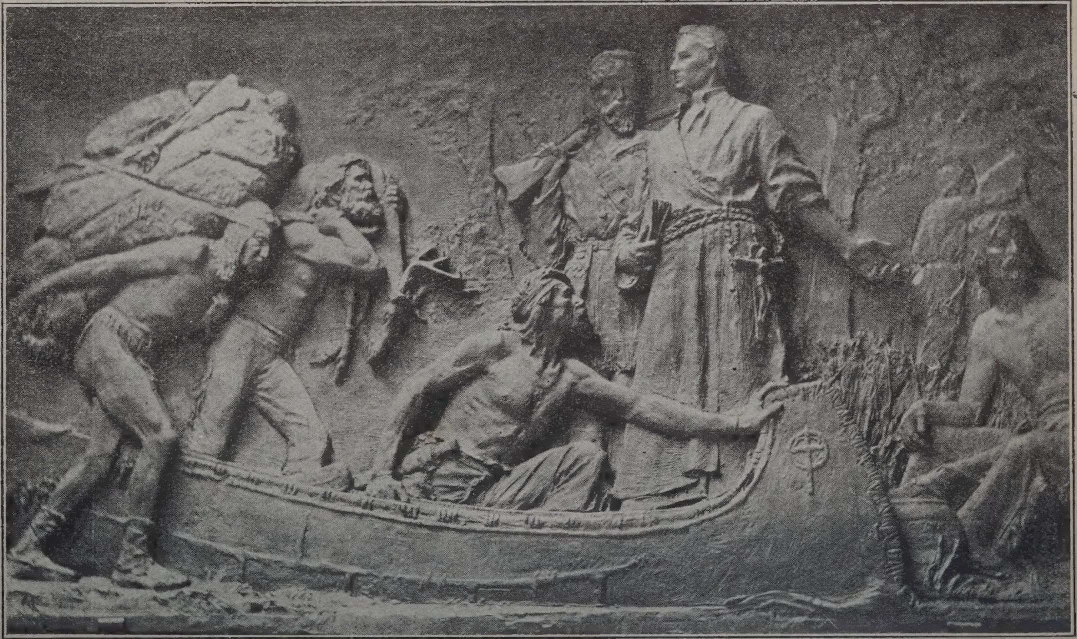
toms and swamps and was gathered by the women for food. The explorers were well entertained here and were urged to remain, for the reason that the journey south would be full of danger. Marquette says, in his "Relation": "They represented to me that I would meet nations who never show mercy to Strangers, but Break their Heads without any cause; and that war was kindled Between Various peoples who dwelt upon our Route, which exposed us to the further manifest danger of being killed by the bands of Warriors who are ever in the Field. They also said that the great River was very dangerous, when one does not know the difficult Places; that it was full of horrible monsters, which devoured men and Canoes Together; that there was even a demon, who was heard from a great distance, who barred the way, and swallowed up all who ventured to approach him; Finally that the Heat was so excessive In those countries that it would Inevitably Cause Our Death."

This noisy demon that would devour both men and canoes was perhaps a waterfall in the river, for the Indians personified all of the powers of nature. He scoffed at the power of the demons, and waterfall or demon could not turn the missionary from his purpose, and he told the friendly Menomonees that because the salvation of souls depended upon his going, he should be happy to give his life if that were required of him. After giving them religious instruction and making them pray to God, he parted from them and proceeded on his journey. His devotion and courage must have greatly inclined his hearers to his faith.

At De Pere, in Green Bay, the party reached the Mission of St. Francis Xavier and enjoyed a visit by the way among friends and Christians, for Father Allouez, Marquette's predecessor at La Pointe, had established a Mission there and from it had gone out to preach to the neighboring tribes, Foxes, Miamis, Menomonees, Winnebagoes, and north-wandering bands of the Illinois. Many had been persuaded to his Christian faith.

Along Lake Winnebago the party wended its way to the Indian village located where Oshkosh is now built, and thence to a large village with superior Indians, united Mascoutens, Miamis and Kickapoos, some of whom had migrated to the West from Virginia and Ohio. Here he found to his great satisfaction and encouragement that many were devout Christians. In the middle of their village stood a handsome Cross, adorned with many white skins, red belts, bows and arrows, all offerings which these people had made to the Great Manitou, as they called God. They were very friendly to Marquette and Joliet, and, after entertaining them, conducted them in a great crowd back to their canoes, a distance of about four miles. They were not able to express enough their admiration at the sight of seven Frenchmen, alone and in two canoes, daring to undertake so strange and dangerous a journey. They furnished two Miamis to go with the party and serve as guides, and amid love and enthusiasm sent the little party upon its way.

When the party had followed the river as far as they could, they crossed a portage and reëmbarked on



MARQUETTE ENTERING THE WISCONSIN RIVER, WHICH TOOK HIM TO THE MISSISSIPPI

From a bronze relief by McNeil, Marquette Building, Chicago

a river flowing to the west, called the *Weskonsing*, now the *Wisconsin*, and this they followed in its course down to the *Missi-sepi*, or Great-River, at a point where the Father of Waters has a broad and sweeping current, a mile across and fifty-three feet deep. They gazed upon the great flood of waters with rapture, "A joy that I cannot express," writes Marquette in the *Relation*.

The voyage was now continuously successful, but not without dangers, though the party did not encounter the mythical monsters prophesied by the Menomonees. One very real source of danger was the monstrous sturgeons, which they struck from time to time with such violence that they thought at first they had run upon a great tree and were about to break the canoe to pieces.

Daily the boatmen landed and supplied the party with game and fish. Near what is now called Rock Island, at 41° 28′ north, they found wild turkeys, and great herds of buffaloes roamed the plains, one that Marquette estimated at four hundred. Always they took wise precautions when they landed, and they maintained a strict guard, for they were afraid that they might be surprised by the hostile bands of Indians that they had heard of. Toward evening they made a small fire on land to cook their meals, and after supper they moved as far away from it as possible and passed the night in their canoes, while they anchored in the river at some distance from the shore.

The happiest incident in Marquette's journey was his stay with the Illinois Indians, a proud tribe whose name in their own language meant "the men," as if all others were mere beasts as compared with them. They were really superior in many ways. The French party had seen no men from the 10th of June, when they left the Maskoutens, until the 25th, when below a rocky coast, at the water's edge, they saw the tracks of men and a narrow, somewhat beaten path through fine prairies. They thought that this must be a road leading to a village, and resolved to reconnoitre it.

Marquette and Joliet alone undertook the investigation, which they felt to be a hazardous one. Recommending themselves to God with all their hearts, and having implored His help, silently they followed the narrow path. After walking about two leagues they heard voices and saw a village before them. Now they halted, and without advancing shouted with all their energy. The Indians swarmed out, excited, and having no reason to distrust two men who made their coming known in this open way, and, perhaps, seeing the Black-Robe, of whom the Hurons and their travellers had told them, deputed four of their old men to meet them. Two of these bore in their hands tobacco pipes finely ornamented and adorned with various feathers, and all walked slowly, the pipes being raised to the sun as if offered to it to be smoked. They spoke no word, and preserved the greatest dignity.

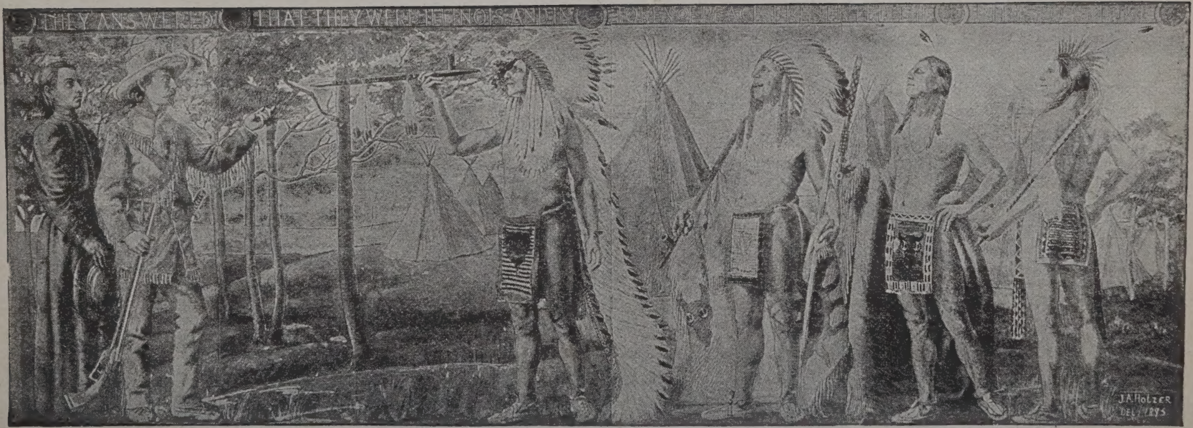
These pipes which the old men carried were calumets, or Pipes of Peace, and Marquette would not reject them, though they were connected with the religion of a pagan tribe, for, like Paul on Mars Hill, he made use of the old religion to teach the new. At the door of the Lodge in which they were to be received, stood an old man, who awaited them with his hands stretched out and raised toward the sun, as if he wished to screen himself from its rays, which, nevertheless, passed through his fingers to his face. When the guests had approached near him, he spoke:

"How beautiful is the sun, O Frenchmen, when you come to visit us! All our town awaits thee, and thou shalt enter all our cabins in peace."

He then took them into his cabin, where there was a crowd of people, who devoured the strangers with their eyes, but kept a profound silence, except occasionally, when they addressed a few words to the visitors in a friendly way, as, "Well done, brothers, to visit us!"

As soon as the guests were seated, they were presented with a calumet, which a visitor must not refuse unless he would pass for an enemy, or at least for being impolite. Now all of the old men smoked in honor of the visitors, and soon messengers came from the Grand Sachem of all the Illinois to invite them to proceed to his town, where he wished to hold a Council with them.

They paid a visit to the Grand Sachem, attended by a good retinue, for all of the people, who had never seen a Frenchman, could not see enough of them. To look at them the better, some threw themselves on the grass by the wayside, while others ran ahead and then turned and walked back to see them again. All of this was done without rudeness or noise, and with marks of great respect for the guests.


THEY ANSWERED
THAT THEY WERE ILLINOIS AND
J.A. HOLZER
DEL. 1895

THE MEETING WITH THE ILLINOIS

"All our town awaits thee, and thou shalt enter all our cabins in peace."—The Illinois to Marquette

From a bronze relief, by McNeil, Marquette Building, Chicago

Between two old men, the Grand Sachem stood at his lodge's door to receive his guests, all three with their calumets held toward the sun. He welcomed them with friendly words, and then presented them his calumet and made them smoke it.

Now Marquette addressed the Sachem, presenting him four gifts. With the first, he said that he marched in peace to visit the nations on the river to the sea; with the second, he declared that God, their Creator, had pity on them, and that it was for them to acknowledge and obey Him; with the third, that the Great Chief of the French informed them that he spread peace everywhere, and had overcome the Iroquois, the enemy of the nations; and with the fourth, he begged information of the sea and of the nations that must be passed to reach it.

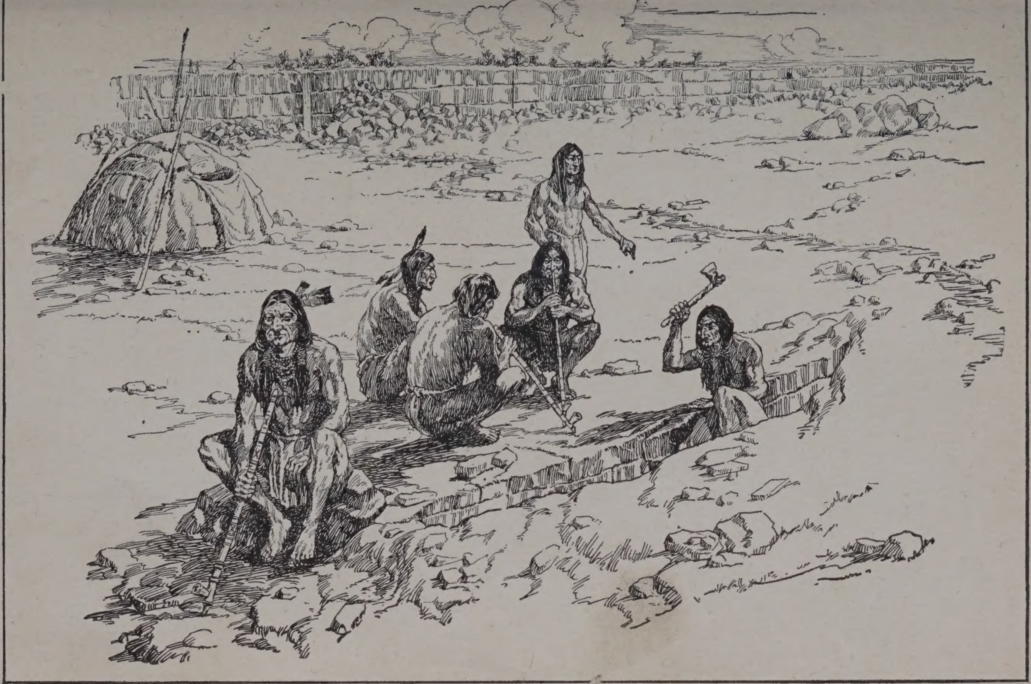
When this speech was finished, the Sachem rose, and, laying his hand on the head of a little slave, whom he was about to give his guest, he spoke thus:

"I thank thee, Black-Gown, and thee, Frenchman, for taking so much pains to come and visit us. Never has the earth been so lovely, nor the sun so bright, as to-day; never has our river been so calm, or so free from rocks, for your canoes have removed them as they passed; never has our tobacco had so fine a flavor, nor our corn appeared so beautiful as we behold it to-day. Here is my son, whom I give thee that thou mayest know my heart. I pray thee to take pity on me and all my nation. Thou knowest the Great Spirit who has made us all, thou speakest to Him and hearest His word; ask thou Him to give me life and health, and come and dwell among us, that we may know Him."

Saying this, he gave his guests the little slave, and then made them a second present, the calumet of Peace, than which there was nothing more mysterious and more esteemed among them. Also he, like the Menomonees, urged his new friends, on behalf of his whole nation, not to proceed farther and expose themselves to the great dangers that would meet them among hostile tribes; and to him also Marquette replied that he should esteem it the greatest happiness to lose his life for the glory of Him who made us all. And the Sachem could only wonder at his reply.

It was Marquette who first introduced into his own language (from which it was introduced into ours) the Indian word *calumet*, and he remarked that a mystery attaches to it, and that men do not pay to the crowns and sceptres of kings such honor as the Indians pay to the calumet, for among them it seems to be the god of peace and war, the arbiter of life and death. If a man carried it about and showed it, he could march fearlessly amid enemies, for even in the heat of battle warriors laid down their arms when it was shown.

There was a calumet of peace, adorned with feathers of the white eagle, and a calumet of war, adorned with red feathers. The bowl of this pipe was of red sandstone, like marble, so pierced that one part held the tobacco and another was fastened to a stem two feet long, which was ornamented with large feathers of red, green and other colors, and with the head and



RED PIPESTONE QUARRY OF DAKOTAH

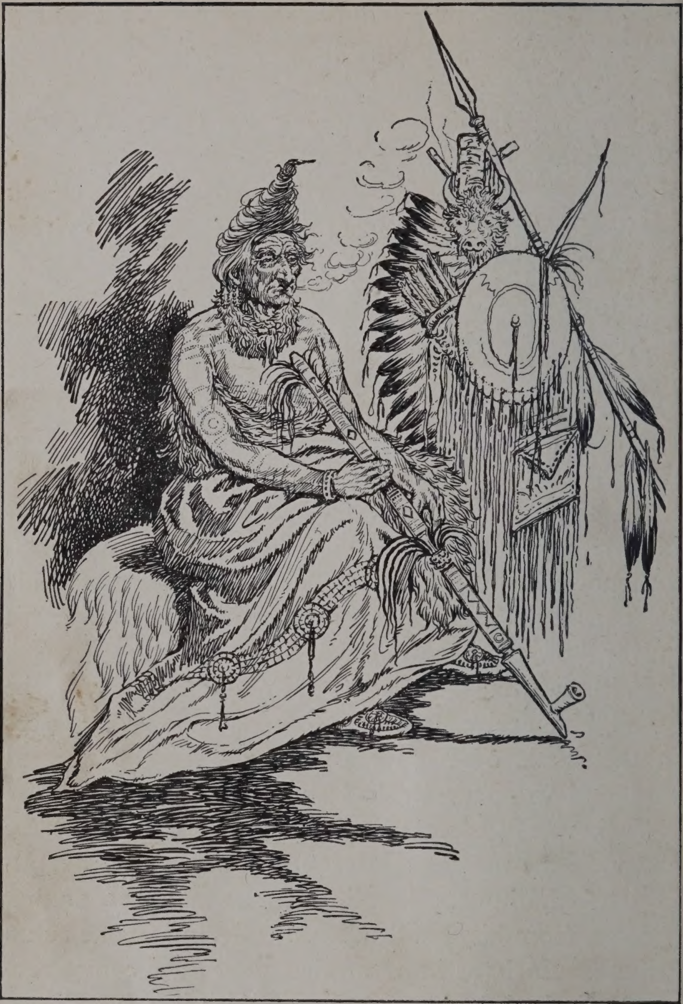
neck of birds of beautiful plumage. Even the spot where the stone was obtained was regarded as sacred, and the pipe was held among all of the tribes as a sacred symbol of brotherhood among men. In the Pipestone Quarry, in Dakotah, no war-club or scalping-knife was raised, for at the top of its precipice of red rock, overlooking the sacred valley, the Great Manitou stood when he called the nations together. From this rock he broke a fragment, and when he had fashioned it in his hands, he smoked it, to the north, to the south, to the east, and to the west of the holy valley, telling men that this stone was red, as a symbol of their flesh, and that they must use it for their pipes of peace and keep the peace in this valley. On the rocky summit of these hills the thunder-bird, whose mate is a serpent, hatches the storms. Here over the crest of the red precipitous rock the storm is sublime, but peace broods in the valley, and there the warriors of all of the nations assembled in peace, to gather fragments of the fallen stone and fashion them into calumets, which they smoked at solemn festivals and at the sacred dance.

Marquette tells that the Indians regarded the calumet as belonging to the sun particularly. They presented it to him to smoke when they wanted to obtain a change of weather, and they did not bathe at the beginning of summer or eat the new fruits of the season until they had danced the calumet dance in honor of the sun. This sacred ceremony was for only great occasions, to strengthen peace, or to declare war, to honor some important person or some invited guest, or to make public supplication or rejoicing. The Mystery Men, who were both the healers and priests of the tribe, used it in incantations.

The sacred Calumet Dance, or Sun Dance, was held by the Illinois Indians in honor of their guest, Père Marquette. The scene that the Black-Robe beheld can be clearly imagined from the account that he wrote for his Order in his *Relations.*

Large, colored mats made of rushes were spread in the shade of large trees in a grove, to serve as a carpet, and each warrior set up on one of these his Manitou—a snake, a bird, some animal, or other object of which he had dreamed in his sleep and now thought as his special protector. In this he put his trust for success in the hunt, in fishing, or war. Near his Manitou, and at its right, he placed his calumet, in honor of which the feast was given, and spread his weapons around it—his warclub, his tomahawk, his quiver, bow and arrows.

When all had been arranged and the hour for the dance had arrived, chosen singers took their places in the shade of the trees. They were the selected men and women who had the best voices, and who sang in perfect accord. The spectators then came and took the inferior places, each as he arrived saluting the Manitou by inhaling smoke and then puffing it forth from his mouth upon it, offering smoke as an incense. Each, as he went, first took the calumet reverently in both hands and danced with it in a cadence, suiting himself to the air of the song and moving the pipe in various figures, sometimes displaying it to the



CHIEF, WITH CALUMET, MANITOU, AND WEAPONS whole assembly, sometimes turning it from side to side.

After this, the one who was to begin the dance appeared in the midst and danced alone. Sometimes he held the pipe toward the sun, as if offering the smoke; sometimes he inclined it to the earth; sometimes he spread its feathers as if for it to fly; sometimes he offered it to the spectators for them to smoke. All of this was in cadence, and this was the first scene of the dance.

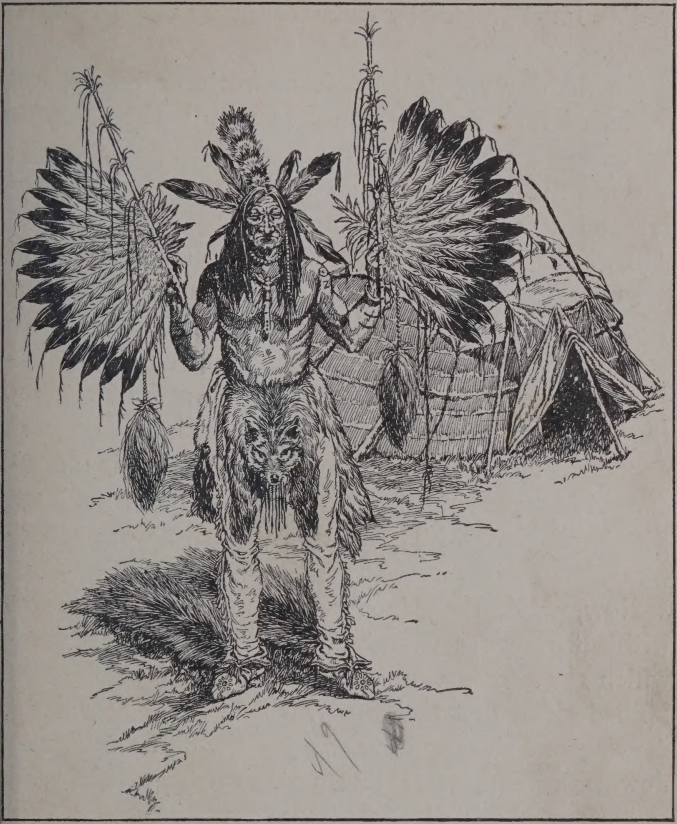
The second scene was a combat, to the sound of a sort of drum, which accompanied the song and harmonized quite well. The dancer beckoned to some warrior to pick up the weapons on the mat, and challenged him to a combat. The other approached, took up the bow and arrows, and began a struggle with the dancer, who had no defence but the calumet. This scene was very pleasing, especially as it was done with the rhythm of the dance. As the one attacked, the other defended; as the one struck out, the other parried; as the one fled, the other pursued, until finally he who had fled turned about and faced his foe with the sacred symbol, and put him to flight. This was all done so well, with measured steps and the harmony of voices and drums, that the distinguished guest thought it equalled in beauty the opening of a ballet in France.

The third scene consisted of a recital by the holder of the calumet, of the battles he had fought and the victories he had won, naming the hostile nation, and the foe. When the recital was finished, the Chief who presided presented the warrior with a gift, a beautiful beaver robe, or some other precious thing, which was received with thanks. The calumet was then passed to another, who in turn recited his exploits and passed the pipe on, and so all in turn took a part. When the recitals were finished, the Chief who presided presented the calumet to the honored guest, in token that an eternal peace should be kept between him and the tribe.

In Marquette's opinion, the singing of the chorus had expression and grace, but could not be easily represented in the notes of the musical scale of Europe.

After the Council and the smoking of the calumet at the Dance, by which the Chief Sachem of the Illinois honored Marquette, a banquet was given, at which the French guests were offered with ceremony dishes of Indian corn, of fish, dog-flesh, and the meat of the buffalo.

The corn was esteemed among the Indians as a kind of divine grain, a special gift of the Great Spirit, and in the Algonquin language they called it *Mon-da-min, the Spirit's grain*, for they believed that the first stalk of corn came down from the sky in full tassel as an answer to the prayer of a young hero at the end of his manhood's fast. This gift was so needful to man that every year when the harvest of corn was ripe a Thanksgiving Feast was held, at which the tribe held its sacred Dance of the Corn, one of the most beautiful Indian dances. When the ears were well grown, the women, who raised it in their garden plots, did not open the husk and look for themselves to see whether it was ripe enough, but each morning at sun-



MYSTERY MAN

rise they picked several ears and carried them to the wise Mystery Man in the Council House for his judgment; and when at last he judged them ripe for the Feast of the Corn, he sent criers forth to announce throughout the village and tribe that the day was set and all must prepare by fasts for the approaching ceremony.

On the day appointed a framework, or bower, was made, of four poles ornamented with ears and stalks of corn—four was the sacred number. Under this bower a fire was built, and over the fire a kettle hung, suspended from the crossing of the poles, and filled with the first green corn, that was to be sacrificed to the Great Spirit. While the water was boiling, four Mystery-Men, their bodies painted white, and each bearing a stalk of corn in one hand and a *she-she-quoi,* or mystic rattle in the other, danced around the pot singing songs of thanksgiving; and a circle of chosen warriors, also with stalks of corn in their hands, danced in an extended circle outside, singing the Song of Thanksgiving. The rest of the tribe were spectators.

Now, while the dancing continued, wooden bowls with horn spoons were laid out on the ground, from which the people were to feast. When the Mystery Men decided that the corn was sufficiently boiled, the dancing and singing were stopped, the kettle was taken down, the ears were removed and were laid on a little framework of sticks built over the fire. Then the dance was begun again while the corn was being consumed. When nothing but ashes remained, these were sacrificed to the Great Spirit. The fire itself was removed, and the ashes were buried, so that no creature should use them.

And now a new fire was started, to boil the corn for the tribe, on the very spot where the old one had been,

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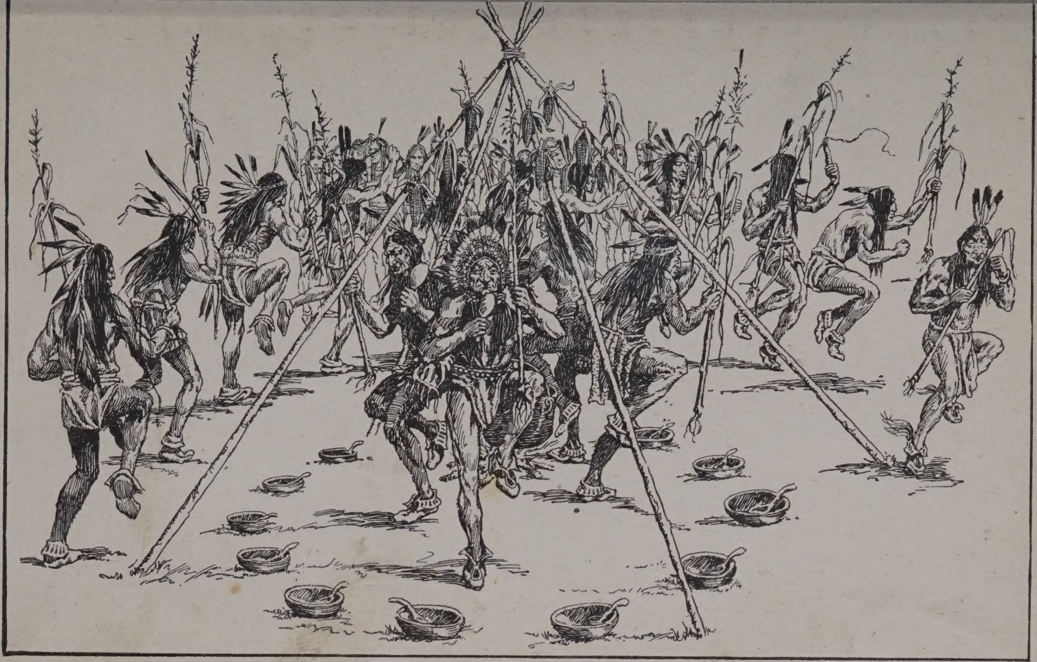
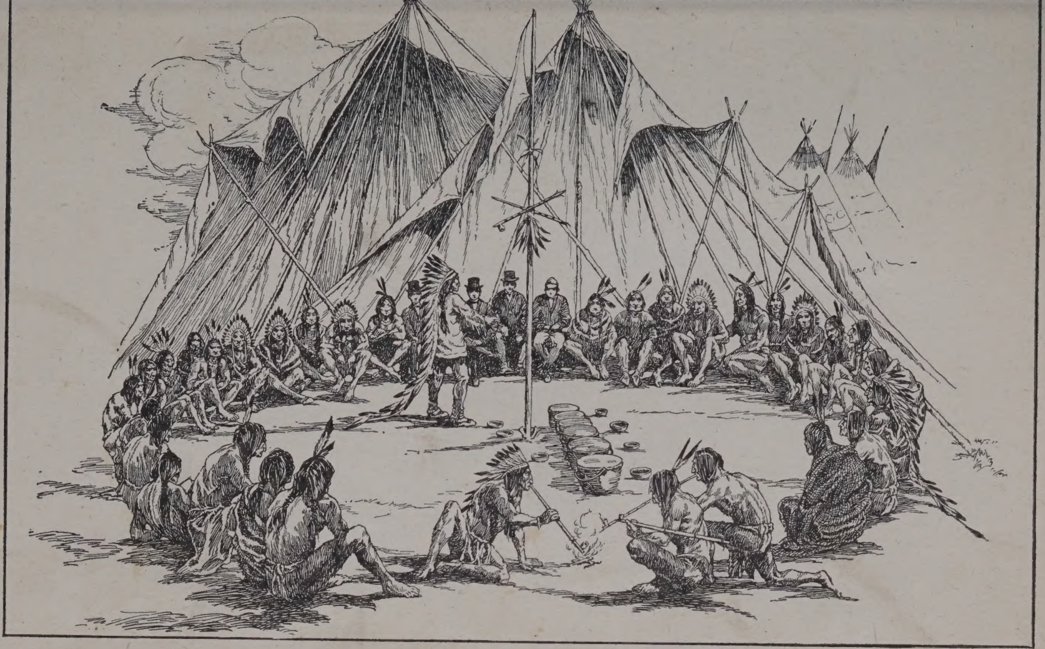


CORN DANCE

and with painful exertion, for they knew no way but by friction. Three men took seats on the ground facing each other, and they labored hard, drilling the end of a stick into a hard block of wood. One rolled it between his hands until he was tired, when the next caught it from him and rolled it, without allowing the motion to stop, until the third relieved him, to be relieved in turn by the first. And so the rolling went on, until smoke appeared, and at last a spark was caught in a piece of punk. When this spark of new fire was seen, there was great rejoicing, and they blew it into a flame to boil the next kettle of corn, of which they would partake.

The first to partake of the feast were the Chiefs, the Mystery Men, and the warriors; and then the whole tribe were served. For a week or ten days the feasting continued, until the fields were exhausted or the ears had become too hard to be eaten after this fashion. There was no merrier time in the year than the Feast of the Corn and Thanksgiving.

The offer of corn was an honor, but the serving of dog-flesh was regarded as an even higher honor in the Indian lodge, for the dog is valued more among Indian tribes than among civilized men, and if this faithful companion is sacrificed, it is to assure the friend, "We give you our hearts in this feast—we have killed our faithful dogs to feed you—and the Great Spirit will seal our friendship." Perhaps Père Marquette did not understand the spirit in which this was offered, or perhaps he thought that this was flesh that had been offered to idols—he explained to his host



FEAST OF DOG FLESH

that he did not eat dog flesh, and the dish was withdrawn.

Even common people wanted to give the visitor gifts, as he walked through the village, and that night he slept in the lodge of the Chief. The next day, when he took his leave, nearly six hundred persons conducted him to his canoe, showing in every way that they could how much pleasure his visit had given them. He made them a promise that he would return in four moons, and then said his farewell.

The islands and rocky shores, the prairies lying inland, the large village in the midst of rich fields, about five or six miles from the Mississippi, all mark this landing as near Rock Island. The village that Marquette entered was like that near the fork of the river, in which Black Hawk was to be born in 1767, and from which his tribe was to be driven forth at the end of the war that bears his name, never to return to the land of their fathers. What a contrast between this arrival and that departure! Without a shadow of right, squatters had taken possession of Black Hawk's rich prairies, fenced in the Indian fields, beaten the Indian women and children who returned to cultivate their land, burned their canoes and wigwams, and driven the plow through the graves of their dead. It was on the anniversary of the landing of Marquette that the Governor of Illinois called out the troops, not to protect that tribe of Indians in their rights, but to expel them from their land. Our best historians call this "a black chapter in the history of the West;" it is doubly black against the background of Marquette's

STATUE IN COMMEMORATION OF BLACK HAWK

Overlooking Rock River, Illinois

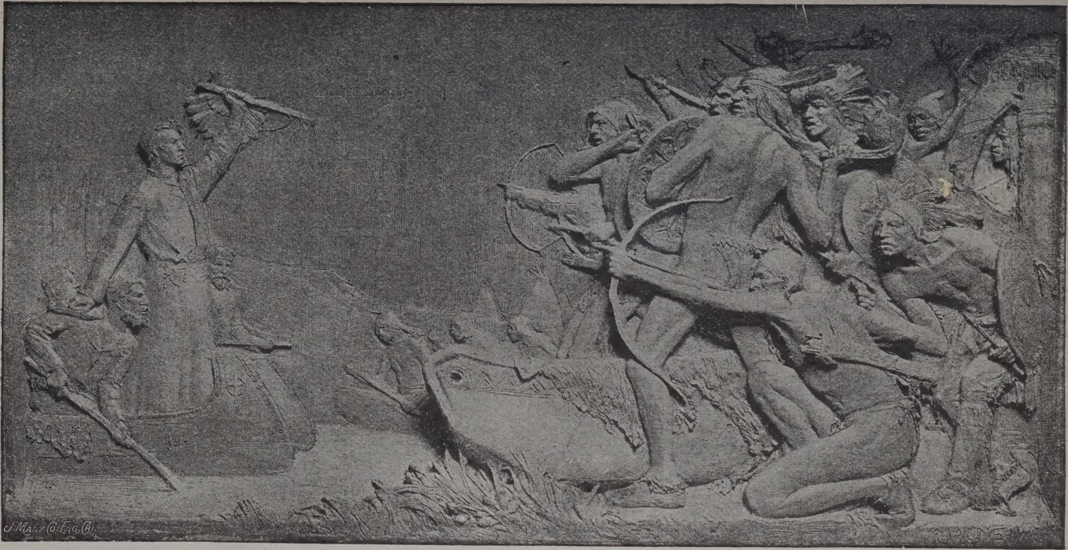
visit. Now our histories are giving this defeated Chief the honor that is due him. Our great American sculptor, Lorado Taft, has also moved our sympathy by his heroic statue in commemoration of Chief Black Hawk, who looks out with Indian dignity and grim restraint over the valley of Rock River, the home of his people, and the battleground of their final defeat.

When the French party again took their boats, they sailed again toward the south on the Mississippi. They had not gone far when they passed a rocky coast, where two alarming monsters had been painted on the high and long rocks. These startled even the French, and the boldest Indian did not dare to gaze long upon them. "They are as large as a calf," wrote Marquette: "they have horns on their heads like those of a deer, a horrible look, red eyes, a beard Like a tiger's, a face somewhat like a man's, a body Covered with scales, and so Long a tail that it winds all around the Body, passing above the head and going back between the legs, ending in a Fish's tail. Green, red, and black are the three colors composing the picture." It must have taken great courage to go on, expecting to meet such beasts in the flesh. Fortunately, they were only of the artist's imagining, and the explorers did not encounter any of them. At the mouth of the Missouri River dangerous masses of fallen trees and other floating refuse sweep into the Mississippi from its great tributary, amid which their little boats could not keep their course and came near to being upset, but finally they passed south in safety.

Near the mouth of the Ohio they passed a part of the shore much dreaded by the Indians because they think that an evil Manitou lives there, who devours all travellers. This monster turned out to be a small bay full of dangerous rocks, some of them twenty feet high, where the current of the river is whirled about, hurled back against that which follows, and then checked by a neighboring island, where the mass of water is forced through a narrow channel with a furious commotion, a rising tide, and a great uproar. This was just such a place as that off from the Sicilian shore, where the Greeks feared Scylla and Charybdis, and where Odysseus was in danger of being wrecked.

Soon a very great and real peril threatened Marquette's party in the persons of hostile Indians armed with guns. Here was a test of their courage. Marquette rose from his seat in the canoe, and raised aloft before him the mystic Indian symbol that the Illinois Indians had given him—the calumet. It quieted the excitement instantly, and the Indians invited the Frenchmen ashore, "as much frightened as we were," remarks the brave narrator, too truthful to pretend that he had not known fear. These Indians had come into at least indirect contact with white men, as their guns showed, and also their hatchets, hoes, knives, beads, and glass powder flasks filled with powder. They were frightened because they had heard of the cruelty of the Spanish explorers and took this party for Spaniards in quest of riches.

The Arkansas Indians were more actively hostile, and the party barely escaped death. Armed warriors plunged into the water and approached Marquette's canoes with battle cries. Some of the young braves embarked in great wooden canoes and hurled clubs at the Frenchmen, while others swam out into the river, evidently intending to upset them. Those who remained on the shore kept coming and going excitedly, as if about to begin an attack. Again Marquette rose in his canoe and held forth the calumet that the sachem of the Illinois had given him, but this time the talisman seemed to fail of effect. The alarm continued, and the young braves seemed about to discharge their arrows, "when God suddenly touched the hearts of two old men at the waterside," doubtless at the sight of the calumet, and they succeeded at last in quieting the younger men. Two of the chiefs now jumped into the explorer's canoes and brought them to shore, where the party landed, though still anxious for their safety. The next day ten of the men of this tribe in a canoe guided them on their way farther down the stream, and introduced them to the next tribe, who lived opposite the mouth of the Arkansas River. Here they were welcomed with civil words and were given a banquet, at which corn, dog-flesh, and watermelons were offered them, and at which they were entertained with speeches and dancing. To the speeches they responded, Marquette teaching the Christian religion and Joliet talking of alliance with his king and New France. The guests offered gifts to the Indians, as usual, and this led to a new peril, for on the following night some of the natives tried to murder the travellers. The chief put a stop to the


J. Manz Co. Eng. Chi.

ATTACKED BY THE MITCHIGAMEA

"They were about to pierce us from all sides with their arrows when God suddenly touched the hearts of two old men on the waterside, doubtless at the sight of our calumet."—Marquette's *Relation*

From a bronze relief by McNeil, Marquette Building, Chicago

plots, and presented his own calumet to the visitors as a pledge of his protection.

The exploring party now debated whether they should not turn back upon their way, and resolved to do so, satisfied that they now knew the course of the river and that the results of their voyage would probably be lost if they went farther, through their being taken captive by Spaniards or killed by a hostile tribe. They retraced their course, until they reached the mouth of the Illinois River. Here Marquette left the Mississippi to cut short his course by ascending the Illinois and descending a stream on the other side of the portage, that carried him into Lake Michigan at the southern end. Here also, as at his first visit to the Illinois, he was welcomed by most friendly chiefs and tribes, and he taught them his religion, leaving them with a promise to return.

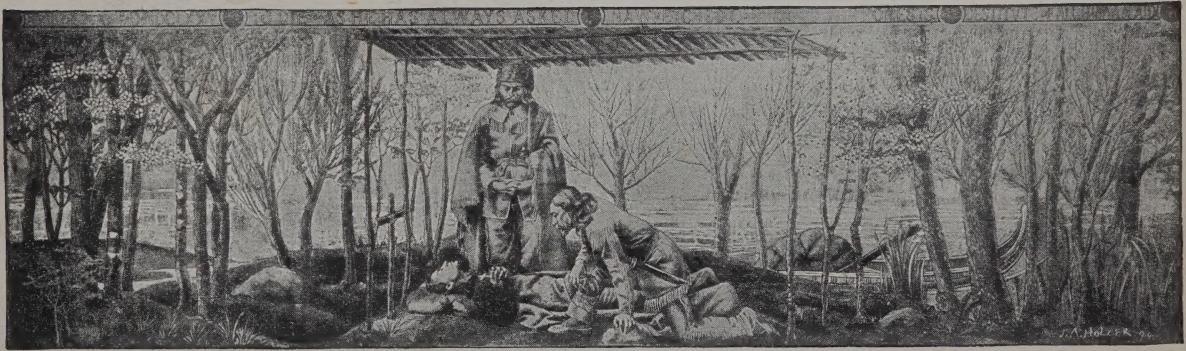
At the end of September, having travelled 2,767 miles, the exploring party reached Green Bay. Joliet passed on, but Marquette remained at the mission among friends to regain his health, for he was wasted by his illness. His recovery was slow.

Marquette remembered his promise to return to the Illinois Indians, but illness kept him at Green Bay through the following summer, and November had come before he was well enough to set out. Then two French boatmen accompanied him, and in a month rowed him down the western shore of Lake Michigan and into the river that led to the Illinois.

Winter came upon him and his illness grew worse before he had reached their village. His little party spent the winter in a poor cabin that offered no comforts. As soon as navigation was free in the spring, they set forth again, and Marquette was soon among his loving friends in Illinois, welcomed, to use his words, "as an angel from heaven." At Easter time he held a great service for them, where five hundred chiefs and old men were seated around him, and fifteen hundred younger men, besides the women and children, stood in the audience to hear his message. First he presented them gifts of wampum to attest his earnestness and the importance of his mission, then he explained the principal mysteries of his religion and his reasons for coming to their country. They listened to him with universal joy, and again begged him to return to them, since he said he could not stay. This time when he left them, they escorted him with pomp and with every mark of friendship more than thirty leagues upon his way.

His strength had now failed so that he had to be carried, but he continued to be cheerful and gentle, and encouraged his beloved companions to suffer all of the hardships that they had to endure with patience. The season was stormy, and again and again they had to wait in the land-sheltered harbors of the St. Joseph, the Kalamazoo, the Grand, and the Muskegon rivers for the waves to subside before they could continue their journey.

Feeling that death was near, Marquette finally selected a spot of rising ground near what is now the


AS HE HAD ALWAYS ASKED
J. A. HOLZER '94

THE DEATH OF MARQUETTE

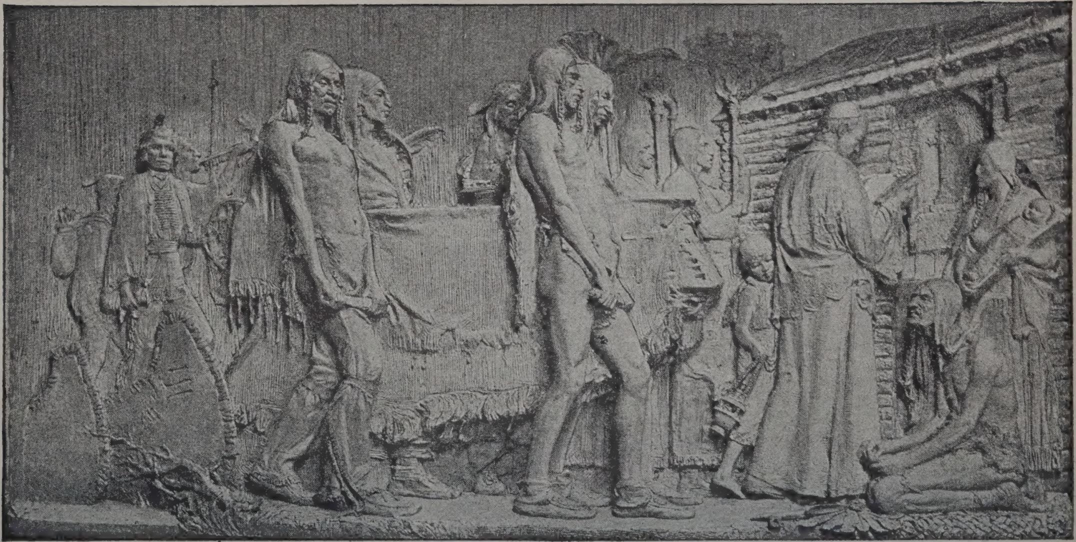
"He gave thanks to God that he had been a missionary of Christ, and, above all, that he was dying—as he had prayed he might—in a wretched cabin in the midst of the forest and bereft of all human succor."—Dablon's *Narrative*

From a bronze relief by McNeil, Marquette Building, Chicago

city of Ludington. There he was carried ashore, and with the greatest calmness made his preparations for death. He gave thanks to God that he had been a missionary of Christ, and, above all, that he was dying—as he had prayed he might—in a wretched cabin, in the midst of the forest, and bereft of all human succor. His boatmen listened to him as to one inspired and went about the business of the camp in tears. Their account tells that his countenance beamed and was all aglow as he awaited death.

The next spring some of the Huron Indians whom Marquette had instructed in his mission at La Pointe heard of his death as they were returning from their hunt in northern Michigan, and sought the grave of this good father whom they had tenderly loved. Their reverent hands removed his remains from his forest grave and carried them back for burial to the little chapel that he had built at St. Ignace. Thirty canoes formed the funeral procession for nearly two hundred and fifty miles, and the scene that the little log mission looked forth upon now must have been very impressive, as, in the presence of a multitude on the shore, the cortege approached the land. The priests were intoning a chant. The interment was within the church, which was later destroyed by fire and the site long forgotten. In 1877 it was discovered and honored by the monument which marks it now.

In the history of the spread of Christianity by missions there is no more inspiring story than this of the devoted and heroic Marquette. His superior and friend wrote of him, "He always labored with much



BURIAL OF MARQUETTE AT ST. IGNACE

"After that the body was carried to the church, care being taken to observe all that the ritual appoints."
—Dablon's *Narrative*.

From a bronze relief by McNeil, Marquette Building, Chicago

fatigue and great success at the conversion of the savages in our most arduous missions among the Ottawas. He possessed all the virtues of a mission priest in a sovereign degree—universal zeal, angelic chastity, an incomparable kindness and sweetness, a childlike candor, a very close union with God." In France his family were of an ancient house and occupied positions of honor, and he might have been a scholar, a courtier at the court of Louis XIV, or a soldier high in command, but he chose the humble life of constant danger and hardship in the wilderness, in order that he might teach the Christian faith to savage people.

What a spirit that must have been that could win not only the gentler Algonquin tribes, but the savage Huron and Arkansas warriors to belief in his religion and to personal devotion! It must continue to inspire future ages to high ideals, and courage, and self-sacrifice.

CHAPTER II.

THE LAST OF THE POTTAWATOMIE CHIEFS.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that
beneath it
Leaped like the roe, when he hears in the woodland the
voice of the huntsman?

. . . .

Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts
of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far
o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains. . . .
—*Longfellow.*

Among the wise and good Indians who should be honored along with the last of the Mohicans are Chief Pokagon, the last of the Pottawatomie chiefs of the Northwest Territory, and his dear personal friend, the sub-chief Menominee. During the first third of the nineteenth century their tribe still held the vast region that encircles the lower half of Lake Michigan, and their warriors ranged freely over the prairies or through the forests in the chase.

Pokagon I and his people were among the foremost Indians in development and power. His village was in the St. Joseph Valley, near Niles, in Michigan, at the spot now called Bertrand, but named by the French in an early period *Parc aux Vaches,* because it was a famous stamping-ground of the buffalo; Menominee's village was at Twin Lakes, Indiana, in the valley of the Kankakee. The two water systems were connected by a short portage. The valley of the St. Joseph, lying at the eastern turn of the great lake, as Evanston and Chicago lay at its western, was greatly enriched by its favored position, for dense herds of buffalo and other large game thronged across it when they rounded the lake in their spring and autumn migrations. This, along with the fact that the St. Joseph Valley was also the main land route taken by travellers going to the east, made it the chosen home of the head chief of the tribe, for it brought him into relation with outlying and distant parts. From Bertrand the trail led to De Charme's, now Ypsilanti (where a trading post was established early), and thence to Detroit.

Parc aux Vaches was a spot of ideal beauty, and it offered creature comforts in abundance to the children of nature, almost without their labor. From the banks of the cool St. Joseph, giant white sycamores still rise, that looked across the slender strip of wet meadows to a fringe of willow, blackthorn, papaw, sassafras, sumach and elder, and into dense forests of huge oaks and maples. Fields of wild rice everywhere followed the bed of the river and spread over the lowlands, free to the harvester, and the rich soil of the uplands yielded large returns in corn to those who cultivated the ground. Fish swarmed in the river, and myriad flocks of wild fowl floated on its surface. When the morning mists began to rise, deer with their fawns were seen by the hunters on the banks, or an elk herd stood there within sight; when the sun was hot on the prairie, the buffalo cows swarmed with their calves over the bluff into the shaded valley, to crop the fragrant herbage of the bushes and drink the cool sweet water from the many deep springs that feed the river; and when evening approached hundreds of thousands of wild pigeons passed, in their season, to the nesting trees. In the Moon of Wild Geese the whole Pottawatomie tribe held its encampment there, to celebrate the Feast of Ripe Corn and apportion the land for the winter hunt.

For a long while it was thought that the St. Joseph Valley would always be a great commercial centre, and when traders and mission priests first came to the West they settled there earlier than at Chicago. So, in 1800, John Kinzie, the first great trader and pioneer of Chicago, had had his posts at Bertrand and in the Kankakee before he established a house at Chicago and brought his family there. The kindliness and justice of this able man must have been a large factor in winning the chiefs of those valleys to their policy of peace with the oncoming whites, as well as to that personal good will and devotion that later rescued him and his family from massacre when Fort Dearborn was attacked. An even stronger factor, in an earlier time, was the consecrated priest of the French mission, who lived among them as a father with his children.

Local historians, who have gone carefully over the ground, contend that Père Marquette visited this valley on his last voyage, following the common watercourse taken by travellers, up the Kankakee River, across the portage to the St. Joseph, and thence to the lake. Whether or not this view be adopted, it is certain that Père Allouez, his great contemporary, established a French mission in the valley of the St. Joseph, and lies buried near its shores. In the period following, the Indians of these villages were so won to Christianity that they remained Christian after the missions had been abandoned and the priests withdrawn.

Chief Pokagon, who was born in the St. Joseph Valley in 1775, was taught the Christian faith by his parents. Both he and Chief Menominee were deeply religious men, and, since they had no pastors now to teach their people, both undertook that work themselves as far as they were able. Again and again Chief Pokagon appealed to the bishop of Detroit to send his people another Black Robe. "What!" he exclaimed, "must we live and die in our ignorance? If thou hast no pity on us, take pity on our poor children, who will live as we have lived, in ignorance and vice." In 1829 a priest was sent out to them, who baptized them all with Christian names, and became their teacher and advisor. Pokagon I was baptized as *Leopold,* and his young son as *Simon,* and their little chapel again became a centre of Christian teaching to the tribe, from which the priest went out to hold services in other villages. Later the mission developed a school, and finally the University of Notre Dame grew out of that.

Chief Pokagon held daily prayers in his family, and

Chief Menominee preached sermons to his people. He proudly showed his visitors a stick on which he had cut notches to keep tally of the number he had delivered—there were many notches on the stick, but he was eager that a preacher with greater knowledge and authority should live among them, and whenever a missionary happened to visit the tribe, the chief gave a most friendly welcome and an urgent invitation to remain. In 1821 a travelling Baptist missionary, the Rev. James McCoy, received such a welcome and invitation, but passed on after remaining with the tribe two days. The account he wrote of his visit at Twin Lakes is very much like Marquette's "Relation" in the impression it gives of the open-hearted and lovable Indians of Illinois:

"As we approached the village, Menominee and others met us with all the signs of joy and gladness which could have been expected from these poor creatures. Menominee immediately cried aloud to his people, informing them that their Father had arrived. I was no sooner seated, by their invitation, than men, women, and children came around and gave me their hand, even infants were brought that I might take them by the hand. A messenger was immediately despatched to a neighboring village to announce my arrival. In his absence, Menominee asked me if I had come to reside among them. Receiving evasive answers, he expressed great concern. He said the principal chief of their party and all the people of the village with few exceptions desired me to come. He showed me a place which he had selected for me to build a house upon. Their huts being exceedingly hot and unpleasant, I proposed taking a seat out of doors. The yard was immediately swept, and mats spread for me either to sit or lie upon. We were presently regaled with a bowl of boiled turtle's eggs; next came a bowl of sweetened water for us to drink."

This was old Indian hospitality.

In a short time the principal chief, who had been notified of the arrival, came from the neighboring village. McCoy spells his name in three ways, *Peheeko, Poheeka, Poheeko,* but it is evident from all of the facts that it was Pokagon I, who had been chief of high rank since 1800, who was a Christian, and who invited teachers of the Christian religion to come to preach to his people. Pokagon smoked with McCoy and the men of the village, and then he invited the guest to visit him in his lodge. This invitation McCoy accepted, and before he returned to Fort Wayne he went to visit Pokagon, accompanied by Menominee and some of the men of his village. There he found that the chief had hoisted the flag with stars and stripes over his lodge in loyalty to the United States, and as a compliment to his guest.

After McCoy's sermon the Indians addressed him with these words:

"Our father, we are glad to see you and have you among us. We are convinced that you come amongst us from motives of charity. We believe that you know what to tell us, and that you tell us the truth. We are glad to hear that you are coming amongst us to live near us, and when you shall have arrived, we will visit your house often and hear you speak of these good things."

When he said good-bye some of the Indians gave their visitor their benediction, and one of them said, "May the Great Spirit preserve your energy and health, and conduct you safely to your family, give success to your labors, and bring you back to us again;" and when he left Twin Lakes, Menominee walked with him on his way, begging a continuance of his friendship, declaring that, for his part, he would continue to serve God and do right. And so they parted.

A little later a mission priest came to live with the tribe, uniting the people to the Roman Catholic congregation, and Menominee built him a log chapel at Twin Lakes. It was a pleasing little building, thirty by forty feet in dimensions, with the chapel on the ground floor. Separated from it by a hall-way was a small living room, and over the chapel there was a sleeping room, the ceiling of the chapel serving for the floor of this chamber. Here a hammock swung on ropes, and a primitive table and chair were the only furniture. Rudely made benches furnished the chapel, and a cross, erected behind it, rose above. The Indians did all of the work of building, with the axe as their only tool, leaving the bark on the logs and fastening the parts together with strips of skin or bark, for they did not know the use of hammer, saw, or nails.

In 1837 Father Petit took charge of this chapel and lived among the Indians, sharing their corn and meat, but drinking no alcoholic drink, so that he might be an example to them, for liquor was the bane of the Indian race. He lived a busy life in his little log cabin, and a pleasant one, though he had few comforts and no luxuries. Daylight shone through many chinks in the walls. He had no carpet, and the boards of the floor were so loosely fastened that they yielded to the foot, "Like the keys of the piano to a musician's fingers," he said playfully, writing home. But the huge fireplace (it was large enough to contain a cord and a quarter of wood) kept the little room warm. Here every day at sunrise, when the chapel bell pealed forth, you might see the savages moving along the paths of the forest and the borders of the lakes. When the congregation had assembled, the second peal was rung, and then the services were held. All day the doors of the little parsonage and chapel were open, and at sunset the congregation again assembled for the evening prayers and benediction.

Father Petit won the hearts of the Indians, and their warmth of affection and simplicity delighted him. "How I love these children of mine," he exclaimed, "and what pleasure it is for me to find myself amongst them! There are now from 1,000 to 1,200 Christians. When I am travelling in the woods, if I perceive an Indian hut, or even an abandoned encampment, I find my heart beat with joy. If I discover an Indian on my road, all my fatigue is forgotten, and, when their smiles greet me at a distance, I feel as if I were in the midst of my own family. . . . Could you see the little children, when I enter a cabin, crowding around me and climbing on my knees—the father and mother making the sign of the cross in pious recollection, and then coming with a confiding smile to shake hands with me—you could not but love them as I do."

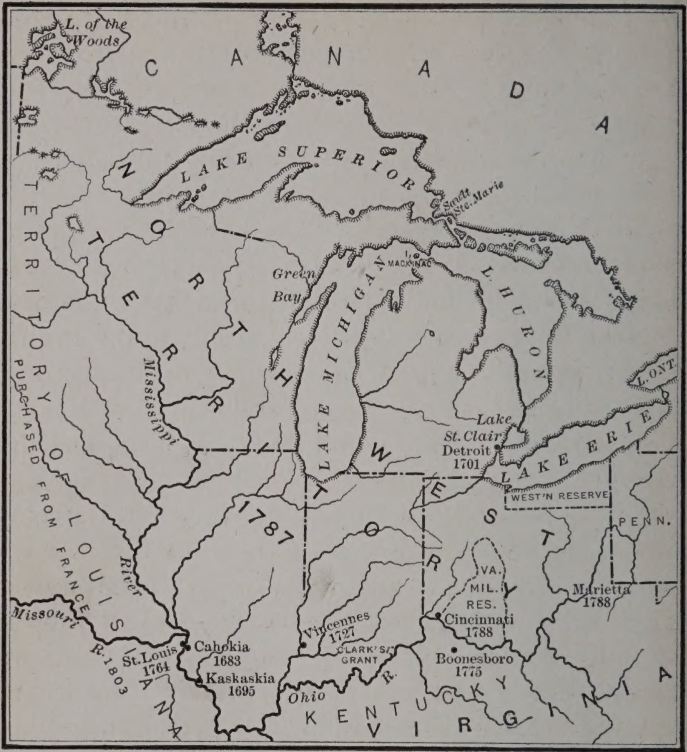
This is the way they wished him a happy New Year. On New Year's Eve he was asleep on his mat when a loud report of musketry awakened him. When he ran to the door, in rushed a troop of men, women and children, who knelt around him and begged his blessing for the New Year. After he had given them his benediction, they all came forward with happy smiles to shake hands with him. "It was a happy family festival," he says. Alas! the circle was to be broken soon. Events had occurred in distant places in preceding years that were to change everything in their forest world.

The history of the period between 1775 and 1838 enables students of to-day to understand the next event in this Indian epic.

When Pokagon I was a child and Menominee a young man, the thirteen colonies were fighting their revolutionary war with England, and when the treaty granting independence was signed at Paris the boundary of the United States was fixed on the west at the Mississippi River, on the north by Lake Superior and Lake Huron. The inhabitants of that vast territory were too far removed to know anything of the war, except by the vaguest rumor, and were never consulted in the matter. They had made a treaty with Great Britain some years before, by which it was agreed that white settlers should be kept out of all the land north of the Ohio River; and now, when the United States claimed the territory north of the Ohio, east of the Mississippi, and south of the Great Lakes as their "Northwest Territory," according to the Treaty of Paris, the Indians inhabiting it objected on the ground that the British had no right to their territory, and therefore could not give it away by treaty. Therefore, the Indians did not admit the right of the new government, and became actively hostile to it. In this they were encouraged by the British, who, contrary to the stipulations of the treaty, still held possession of the northern posts at Detroit and Mackinaw, and the surrounding territory.

The President and Congress now appointed a commission to come to an agreement with the natives, and in 1784-86 the Shawnees and some of the eastern tribes acknowledged the rule of the United States, reserving ownership of tracts of their land; but the Pottawatomies and other western tribes made no treaty, and even the Shawnees later resumed hostilities against the oncoming whites, who were entering and settling upon their reservations without legal right. A border hostility between the two races grew out of the invasion and was now constantly kept up for many years.

When the *Ordinance of 1787* organized the vast tract that lay north of the Ohio, east of the Mississippi, west of New York, and south of the Great Lakes into the "Northwest Territory," it provided not only for protection of person and property, freedom


L. of the Woods
CANADA
LAKE SUPERIOR
Sault Ste. Marie
NORTHWEST TERRITORY
1787
TERRITORY OF LOUISIANA
PURCHASED FROM FRANCE
Missouri R.
1803
Mississippi River
Green Bay
L. MACKINAC
LAKE MICHIGAN
L. HURON
L. ONT.
Lake St. Clair
Detroit 1701
LAKE ERIE
WEST'N RESERVE
PENN.
VA. MIL. RES.
Cincinnati 1788
Marietta 1788
Boonesboro 1775
Vincennes 1727
CLARK'S GRANT
Ohio R.
St. Louis 1764
Cahokia 1683
Kaskaskia 1695
KENTUCKY
VIRGINIA

MAP OF THE NORTHWEST TERRITORY, 1787

of religion, and education, but also for justice to the Indians.

The following governmental document tells the tale: *"The utmost good faith shall always be observed toward the Indians, their lands and property shall never be taken from them without their consent; and in their property, rights, and liberty, they shall never be invaded or disturbed, unless in just and lawful* *wars authorized by Congress; but laws founded in justice and humanity, shall, from time to time, be made for preventing wrongs being done to them, and for preserving peace and friendship with them.*"

In 1789 the western tribes, including the Pottawatomies, Ottawas, Chippewas and Sioux, signed a treaty, by which they acknowledged the rule of the United States, reserved certain lands for their own use, and agreed to admit and protect traders; but, if meant in good faith, these articles did not keep the peace, and the border struggle continued. The Wabash Indians, who had not been bound by any treaty as yet, made constant raids into Kentucky, and the settlers retaliated—striking friendly tribes, along with foes, even those who had prided themselves on their attachment to the United States. Under Washington's wise guidance, Congress tried to conduct matters justly to both Indians and whites. In all of this irregular fighting, Washington judged that the forces of the United States would not be justified in attacking the Indians, for they were within their rights under the ordinance.

In 1790 the Pottawatomies, Ottawas, and Chippewas raised an objection that the Government had not paid them for their lands, and that, therefore, the sale which they had made could not be held valid, and petitioned for redress, asking again that the Ohio River be acknowledged as the "*perpetual boundary to the Indian lands,*" and that white settlers be kept out. War was now near at hand, and British agents were fanning the sparks of discontent into flame by promising active assistance when war should come about. The first battles occurred the next year in Ohio, with results that were not decisive. Both sides claimed the victory. This, with the prospect of a more serious outbreak, convinced Washington of the need of a competent army to be called into action in case war broke out, therefore he appointed General Anthony Wayne to organize and drill the troops, but at the same time made a last effort to secure peace by a new council and a new treaty.

The chiefs who met at Sandusky in this new council were addressed by the commissioners, and were assured that the great chief (General Washington) was anxious to keep peace with them. But they replied, inflexibly:

"Brothers, those treaties were not complete. There were but a few chiefs who treated with you. You have not bought our lands. They belong to us.

"Brothers, many years ago we all know that the Ohio was made the boundary. It was settled by Sir William Johnston. This side is ours. We look upon it as our property.

"Brothers, you mentioned General Washington. He and you know that you have your houses and your people on our land. You say you cannot move them off. We cannot give up our land.

"Brothers, we are sorry we cannot come to an agreement. The line has been fixed long ago.

"Brothers, we don't say much. There has been much mischief on both sides. We came here upon peace, and thought you did the same."

At this time a messenger from the provinces of Spain along the Mississippi arrived and urged the tribes to begin war, promising not only to assist, but to lead in battle, saying:

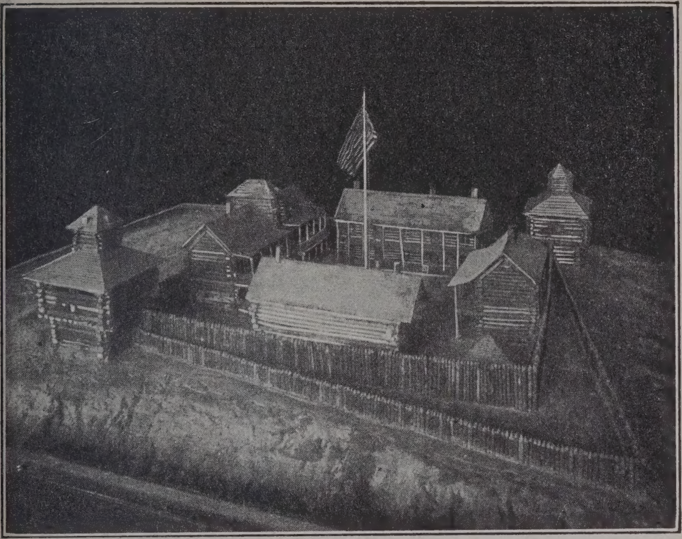
"Children, you see me on my feet, grasping the tomahawk to strike. We will strike together. I do not desire you to go before me, in the front, but to follow me.

"Children, I present you with a war-pipe, which has been sent in all our names to the Musquakies, and to all those nations who live towards the setting sun, to get upon their feet and take hold of our tomahawk; and as soon as they smoked it they sent it back with a promise to get immediately on their feet, and join us, and strike this enemy."

War now followed, but the Spanish colonies and their allies did not lead, nor even come to the assistance of the Indians. The British were a bitter disappointment, too, for they took possession of a fort which they had built in the Indian territory under pretence of offering a refuge to the Indians in case of necessity, but now, when the time of need arrived, they occupied it themselves, shutting the Indians out. When the food supplies of the Indians were destroyed by General Wayne, and they became dependent upon British support, the British did not half supply them. Their cattle and dogs died, and they themselves were starving. The decisive battle of the war gave victory to General Wayne, and in 1795 the Indians all signed a treaty which was to bury the hatchet forever. They kept the right to hunt in their own reservations, but accepted the government of the United States.

Among the Pottawatomie chiefs, Pokagon I was second in rank in 1800, Topinabee being first; later Pokagon rose to the first. He must have taken part in the wars and councils of the preceding years, and now he certainly tried to keep the peace. After burying the hatchet in 1795, when the Indians signed the Treaty of Greenville, Pokagon advised his people to be true to their allegiance and rely on peaceful means to right their wrongs—and wrongs and anxieties they had many, for white traders and squatters were constantly encroaching upon the land which the Indians owned, and the army posts and forts at Detroit, Fort Wayne, Mackinaw, and Chicago were a perpetual threat of force to be used against them. There was little in Indian history to assure them that they could keep their own, and so, when Chief Tecumseh and his brother, the Prophet, held out a hope of regaining their independence and establishing an Indian empire for the Algonquin tribes by exterminating the whites amongst them, many joined him. But Pokagon advised his tribe very strongly against the movement, for he saw that they "might as well try to stay a cyclone in its course as beat back the on-marching hordes of civilization toward the setting sun." However, not able to hold them back, he was present with them during the attack on Fort Dearborn, in Chicago, when the garrison was massacred in August, 1812.

But for the chiefs of the St. Joseph Valley, the family of John Kinzie would not have escaped the



MODEL OF FORT DEARBORN, CHICAGO

massacre. Indian guards stood before his door while the attack was being made, and after the family had lain in hiding for three days, Indian canoes transported them safely to the St. Joseph Valley, where they were sheltered until November. Then an Indian friend conducted all but Mr. Kinzie across the peninsula to Detroit; him they insisted on keeping with them several months longer, so that they might try to help him in recovering what still remained of his property. When they went on trips with him for this purpose, they disguised him in their own costume and paint, so that he might not be recognized and captured by those who believed in exterminating the whites. In time, however, his anxiety for his family induced him to follow them to Detroit, though that city was still in the hands of the British.

These friendly chiefs of the St. Joseph Valley also saved the lives of Captain and Mrs. Heald after the Dearborn massacre. They had fallen prize to the chief of the Kankakee Valley, who took pity on them when he saw the wounded and enfeebled state of Mrs. Heald, and released her husband, so that he might accompany her to their friends. Some of his people were so displeased at this, however, that he started for the St. Joseph to reclaim his prisoners. He probably sent word ahead that he was coming unwillingly, for news of his intention preceded him, and before he arrived Topinabee and Pokagon, in whose charge the prisoners were, held a hasty council with Mr. Kinzie and the principal men of the village, and helped the prisoners to embark for Mackinaw in charge of one of their guides. On arriving from Kankakee, the chief found to his satisfaction that the canoe had gone beyond recall.

The war of Tecumseh and the attack on Fort Dearborn were hardly wise on the part of the Indians, but they were the natural action for a brave people to take. Chief Pokagon II says of this, "In their loyal zeal they could not comprehend their own weakness and the strength of the dominant race, but, being pressed onward by as noble motives as ever glowed in the breast of mortals, they fought most desperately for home and native land. When white men pillaged and burned our villages and slaughtered our families, they called it honorable warfare, but when we retaliated, they called it butchery and murder. When the white man's renowned statesman, Patrick Henry, proclaimed in the ears of the English colonies, 'Give me liberty, or give me death,' he was applauded by his people, and that applause still rolls on undying to freedom's farthest shores. All the civilized world, since then, through the centuries of time, have continued to applaud that sentiment. But let Pokagon ask, in all that is sacred and dear to mankind, why should the red man be measured by one standard and the white man by another?" When Secretary Gresham and President Cleveland investigated the claims and history of this tribe in 1897, they admitted that the Indian outbreak was only a natural retaliation of this proud and sensitive race against their enemy, the aggressors.

A little later, Tecumseh and his allies, the British, continued their warfare against the United States, but Pokagon still kept the peace and urged his people to learn to live among civilized men, instead of making war upon them.

Again in 1829, when the wrongs done to the Indians in the Mississippi Valley had maddened Black Hawk into making war, Chief Pokagon did what he could to live up to the teachings of his Christian religion and follow the path of peace with his white brothers, instead of taking the warpath. At Parc aux Vaches, Black Hawk addressed the assembled chiefs of the Pottawatomies at a time when Pokagon was expected not to be present, urging them to take a stand with him against the encroachments of the white men. The war party had tried to conceal their purpose from Pokagon, knowing that he would oppose them, but he had been secretly apprised of what was going on, and appeared in their midst at the moment when it seemed that the council was about to consent. Understanding the purpose in their hearts, he denounced it in measured but unsparing terms. Turning upon the chiefs who had favored war, he so overpowered them by his words that they cast down their eyes to the ground, and then covered their faces with their robes. They were finally completely overcome, leaped to their feet, turned their backs upon him, and fled away into the forest. So his faith prevailed, and that day he saved his people from the fate of Black Hawk's tribe.

As white men continued to come west, the Indians were urged to sell their lands, and various chiefs did so, some when they were intoxicated with "fire-water," and others when they were surrounded by troops and intimidated into the act. Pokagon and Menominee refused to sell. Finally the President, at Washington, sent for them, along with others of the western chiefs, to meet him and consider whether they would accept a price for their land in the Northwest Territory and move away to a reservation in Kansas beyond the Great River. The chiefs started from Menominee's village at Twin Lakes, travelling by pony, a splendid company to see—Pokagon, Menominee, Petoskey, Blackbird, and many others, all dressed in ornamental buckskin, with fine beaded moccasins, and caps adorned with eagle feathers. The artist Catlin admired them so much when he saw them passing through Philadelphia that he left his home in the east and travelled for the next eight years in the west to study and picture them in their home surroundings. They departed just as the forest leaves were turning red, and came back when the trees were green in the spring. They had been entertained and feasted all of the time by the great white chief; but when he urged them to sell their lands to the white people, they replied persistently that they would not leave their homes and the graves of their fathers and mothers. When they reported to their people that the land had not been sold, all rejoiced and clapped their hands, and shouted, "Good! good! good!" for they loved their homes and the graves of their nation.

It is scarcely possible for modern white men to understand how an Indian felt about leaving the dead of his family, and those of his tribe. It would have been possible for the Greeks and the Romans to do so, or the Chinese and the Japanese, for all of those nations have believed as the Indians did, that the dead remember the living, still take interest in the family life, and can be feasted in spirit by gifts, and by attentions paid at the grave. The living relatives often visited the tomb, and did penance there so that the dead might not be made to suffer for the wrongs they had done. A mother would often sit at the grave of her child and chat with it in fond affection, as if it still lived. The Pottawatomie tribe did not bury their dead, for fear that wolves might disturb the graves, but dressed the bodies in beautiful clothing, wrapped them close in buffalo robes, and laid them away in the branches of trees, with their faces turned to the rising sun, and food and tobacco enough for the journey to the Spirit Land. The living still gave honor to the dead, and twice every year, with solemn songs and spirit dances, the whole tribe met and held the "*Feast of the Dead,*" when they shared with the departed the best food that the Great Spirit has given to man—the flesh of the buffalo and the pigeon. The last solemn service was held in the night, when great bonfires were lit, and all of the tribe, old and young, looking like spirits themselves as they moved in the dance from fire to fire of the camp, cast bits of the flesh of their feast into the flames, while they chanted, "We are going about like spirits, feeding the dead." If their lands were sold and strangers came into possession, who would honor their dead?

In 1832, when the Michigan militia were quartered near the Mission at Niles, having been enlisted to help in suppressing Black Hawk, and the Sacs and Kickapoos of Wisconsin, who were on the war-path, Chief Pokagon was called in council. Answering the questions of the officers, he stated that he was a Christian, and was anxious for all of his brethren to join him in being at peace with all men; that he had advised his people not to drink whisky, but to plant corn and live as white people do; that if their services were needed he was willing to send some of the young men of his tribe with the American army to help fight the Sacs and Kickapoos. "Everybody knows me and knows that Pokagon won't lie," he assured the officers; in turn they assured him that the President and the Governor would protect the Indians if they remained at peace. To these warm assurances, he answered: "We are glad that our fathers will protect us. I see no pleasure except in clothing my children and tilling my ground. I believe that there is but one God, and that we are all brothers."

But in 1833, the next year, he yielded to the pressure of the times and signed a deed* transferring 1,000,000 acres to the United States, including the hunting grounds of the tribe and the lowlands at the western turn of the lake, called *She-gog-ong,* the present site of Chicago. The past had shown that Indians could not protect their lands against the ruffians of the border and squatters without resorting to violence, and the course of Black Hawk's war, just ended, had shown the penalty if they tried to defend their rights by force. The advice of the best friends that the Indians had among the white officials and settlers doubtless decided him to take this step. It is told that Pokagon wept, and said he had rather die than sign away the land.

In 1836 preparations were begun to carry out the provisions of the treaty, and a conference was held between officials of the United States and the chiefs and head warriors of the Indian tribes. From a painting made at that time, now first reproduced, we can view that scene and almost be present at the meeting in the forest. Colonel Pepper, the special commissioner, sat in the foreground with General Harrison

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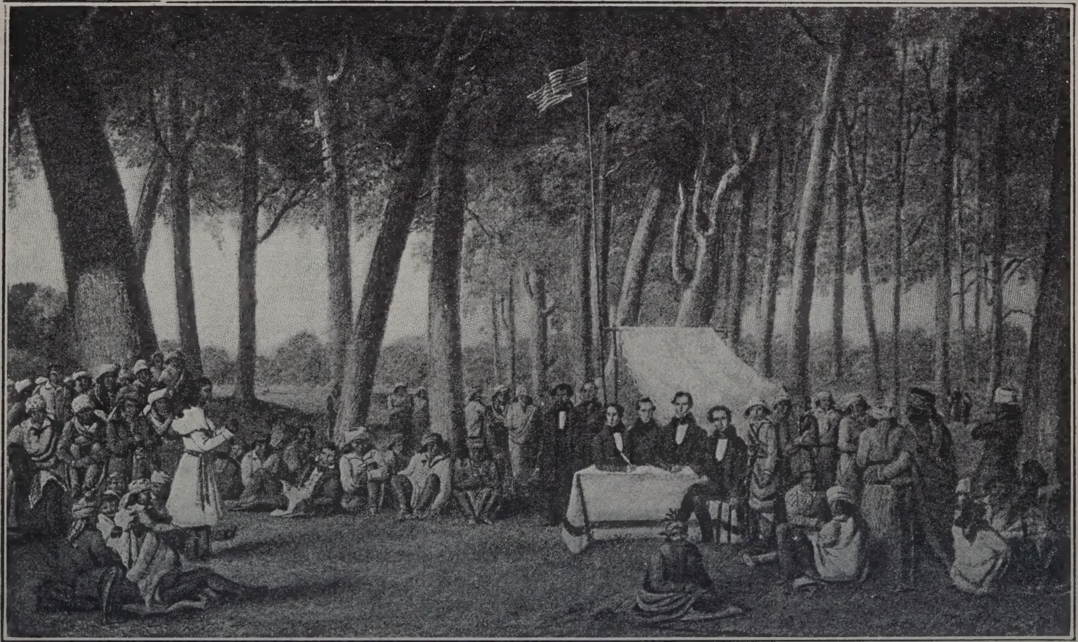
*See Appendix, p. 112, for articles of treaty and names of chiefs.



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TREATY SCENE ON THE OLD FRONTIER

U. S. commissioners and chiefs and head warriors—Pottawatomies, Miamis, and Allied Tribes, 1836 and other officers, and around them many Indian braves were grouped, with a few of their French friends, all attentively listening to a speech that was being made by a chief and translated by an interpreter. Above them the American flag floated in the sunshine, and the scene was bright with the colors of the native peace-costume. No eagle-feathered head-dresses were worn, for that would have betokened a war spirit, but bright turbans, or scarfs, adorned the heads of the warriors, for this was a sign of peace. At that time no hats were worn by the Indians, but the hat was the distinctive sign of the white man—indeed, in their spoken language, their picture writing, and their sign-language, the name they used for "white man" was not "pale-face," as many suppose, but "man-with-a-hat-on." It is probable that even now they did not understand what the sale of their land involved. Their attitude was very friendly. In later years they did not blame these officers or the President for the misfortunes that soon followed.

Pokagon's own home and village at Bertrand, in the valley of the St. Joseph, were not included in the sale, and a small tract farther north in western Michigan was reserved, to which he and his people were to retire. This was a sacred spot in Indian tradition, the cradle of the race, the happy hunting ground of the golden age, a very heaven on earth for beauty, with the high sand-dunes that overlook the great lake, Mishi-gum, and the beautiful harbor of South Haven. On the highest of these dunes, the Great Spirit, Kiji-Manito, had his throne. And thence he proceeded to work out the grand conceptions of his soul, creating the most beautiful rocks of the long coast, the stateliest forests of the whole peninsula, the loveliest flowers that ever bloomed, and birds that sing the sweetest songs ever heard by mortal ear.

The greatest masterpiece that Kiji-Manito created there was man. In those early days a beautiful inland lake, called Sag-i-a-gan, spread its waters here for a canoe day's journey toward the rising sun, and this happy spot Kiji-Manito favored beyond all others. He paced the soil of its shore with giant strides, and scattered around his riches. After he had created the fish of the waters, the fowls of the air, and the beasts of the lands, his works still failed to satisfy his soul, so he called the Great Council of Manito-og (the spirits of sea and land, his agents), and revealed to them the desire of his heart to create a new being that should stand erect and possess the combined intelligence of all the living creatures he had made. In spite of the efforts of the evil manitos to frustrate his purpose, he led his hosts into the wilderness to the shore of Sag-i-a-gan. There, with flashing eyes and a voice like thunder, he spoke a command: "Come forth, ye lords of the world!" At his words the earth trembled, the water began to boil, the ground opened, and from out of the red clay that lined the lake came forth a man and a woman, like flying fish out of the water. In the presence of this wonder, all was as still as death. A dark cloud hung over the lake. It began to boil again. The awful silence was again broken, when Kiji-Manito commanded, "Come forth, ye friends of man!" This time forth leaped at once from out the lake a pair of snow-white dogs, and they lay down where stood the new-made pair, kissing their feet and hands.

Another masterpiece of the skill of the Great Spirit, Kiji-Manito, was the great bow that he made. At least two arrow-flights in length he stretched it along the curve of the shore, and painted it from end to end in iridescent colors. While he was fashioning this bow, the evil manitos tried to frustrate his purpose. A cyclone swept from the setting sun across the great lake, lightning flashed across the heavens, thunder and the roaring waves rolled their awful burden on the land, the earth shook, and rain beat against Kiji-Manito; but he stood firm in his majesty, smiling in the teeth of the storm. When at length the dark clouds rolled away, and Kesus, the sun, lit up the passing gloom, Kiji-Manito picked up his bow, bent it across his knee, and blew a blast of his breath upon it that swept it eastward between the sunshine and the clouds. As there it stood, resting either end upon the trees, painting them all aglow, it added glory to the sunshine, and, gazing upon its beauty and grandeur as it arched the departing storm, Kiji-Manito shouted in triumph above the thundering waves, "All men, behold my bow in the clouds! See, it has no string or quiver! It is the Bow of Peace! Tell it to your children's children that Kiji-Manito made it and placed it there, that generations yet unborn might learn that he loved Peace and hated War!"

Loving peace and hating war, it was natural that

Pokagon and his people should seek out this retreat; and it was fortunate that the natural advantages and tradition of the place could help to soften the pang with which they would give up their homes in the St. Joseph Valley. If their tribe was to become extinct, on what spot could it meet its last defeat with better spirit than on this, where it had been created? Tradition told that Sag-i-a-gan was a pleasant place to live in, even after the Golden Age had departed. Then a village named Nik-o-nong (meaning The Beautiful Sunset) had been built on the shore, through which the great trail passed to the vast northern forests, where deer and elk and bear were plentiful, while another trail passed to the prairies of the West, where herds of buffalo roamed in their migrations. Flocks of wild pigeons filled the trees with their nests; duck, geese, and swan clouded the lake, and fish swarmed within it. In earlier generations, the men did not need to go to the chase in Nik-o-nong, for both fish and flesh could be taken a bow-shot from their wigwams. The place was even now rich in game and fish.

When they sold their lands, some of the chiefs agreed that they would move to Kansas in 1838 with their people, and now, when the time approached, all were, by an oversight, notified to move, including Menominee and Chief Pokagon. After this order had been received, it was discussed at the council. Menominee, then a stately man of seventy, arose, and, with commanding dignity that profoundly impressed the white men present, delivered an oration in the peculiar Indian manner. He refused to obey:

"Members of the council, the President does not know the truth. He, like me, has been imposed upon! He does not know that you made my young chiefs drunk and got their consent, and pretended to get mine. He does not know that I have refused to sell my lands, and still refuse! He would not by force drive me from my home, the graves of my tribe, and of my children who have gone to the Great Spirit! nor allow you to tell me your braves would take me tied like a dog, if he knew the truth. My brother, the President, is just, but he listens to the word of young chiefs who have lied, and when he knows the truth he will leave me to my own. I have not sold my lands! I will not sell them! I have not signed any treaty! and I will not sign any! I am not going to leave my lands! and I don't want to hear anything more about it!"

But the eloquence and the imposing presence of the dignified old chief did not succeed in holding him his own. Some unprincipled white men who had squatted on the reservation and who intended to take possession of the land illegally as soon as the Indian tribe had been driven from it, now brought matters to a crisis by setting fire to several of the wigwams of Menominee's village and exciting the injured parties to retaliate. The Indians then attacked his cabin and chopped his door with their hatchets, threatening his life.

In the disturbance following, some of the white men petitioned Governor Wallace to call out volunteers and transport the Indians to Kansas by force.

Governor Wallace should have arrested and punished the white men, and have judged, as Washington had, that troops should not be sent against the Indians when they were within their rights; but he did as the petition requested, and that so rapidly and secretly that the Indians had no warning of hostility against them, and so no chance to appeal and argue their case. Like the Acadians expelled from Nova Scotia by the British, they were cunningly given notice to attend a meeting in the chapel where their kind Father Petit conducted services. When they assembled, the doors were closed against them and they found themselves surrounded by armed soldiers, while a proclamation was read to them that was to be the doom of many. Those who had sold their lands and were expecting to be removed had been prepared by Father Petit for their exodus, and would have gone without resisting. His last service in the little chapel had been his farewell address to those departing, and his prayers for their success in establishing their new hunting grounds.

One can imagine the indignation and anger of the captives when they found themselves caught by this trick. Disarmed as they were, it must have been their first impulse to fight desperately, but this would have been madness, for all would have been killed. Like the Acadians, they yielded to the teaching of their religion. It happened that at this time Father Petit was not at the mission. Perhaps old Chief Menominee, who had preached to them for many years before this chapel had been built, was again the leader who spoke to them and calmed the outraged captives into submission, just as the good Father Felician had calmed the Acadian captives:

Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;
Deep were his tones, and solemn; in accents measured and mournful
Spake he, as after the tocsin's alarm, distinctly the clock strikes.
"What is this ye do, my children? what madness has seized you?
Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?
Lo! where the crucified Christ from his cross is gazing upon you!
See! in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us,
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them.'"

Few were the words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people.
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak,
While they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

The saddest incident at the departure was the gathering to say farewell in the cemetery, the village of the dead. The poor captives were still surrounded by troops and under a guard. They met in silence, and at first were able to control themselves. Several friendly white settlers of the neighborhood addressed them, and then their chiefs spoke. It was more than their spirit could bear, and they broke into tears. All wept and wailed, and could not be comforted. The troops finally dispersed them forcibly, because they feared that, unarmed as the Indians were, they might grow desperate and break into violence.

The next morning soldiers tore down and destroyed the wigwams and cabins, and the march began. Menominee's village, the largest in the country, was left as if it had been swept by a tornado. Pokagon and a few of his own people were permitted to withdraw to their lands in Michigan. The captives were marched away while the fire still burned, and the last they saw of their homes was the smoke hanging over the trees that screened the ruins.

Some of the details of what happened from day to day to Menominee's people on their long march of a thousand miles are given in the report made to Governor Wallace by General Tipton, the commander in charge of the expedition. The weather was unusually hot for September, so that there was much sickness, for clouds of dust hung over the column, and the only water they had was supplied from stagnant wayside pools.

First in the forlorn procession went the flag of the

United States, borne by a dragoon; after that followed the baggage, then a wagon occupied by the native chiefs, among whom was Menominee. The chiefs were bound and under guard as prisoners of war, until Father Petit, who overtook them on the march, petitioned the commander, and secured their release. The main body of the captives followed. The women and children, mounted on ponies, marched in file, Indian fashion, the men on foot. Unwilling stragglers were driven by dragoons and militiamen along the flanks of the caravan with violent words and gestures. The sick came last, crowded into heavy wagons that jolted over rough roads and open prairies. "Some they drove like cattle, and some they tied like sheep for market and carried in wagons! A great many died on the way and were eaten by vultures and wolves. I do not like to talk about it; my heart gets sad," said an Indian, bitterly, many years after.

The story of the suffering of the exiles is too sad to dwell upon. On one single day the physician of the company reported three hundred cases of illness, for the children were soon reduced to a wretched state of languor and exhaustion, and large numbers of them and of the aged were dying. At Danville, Illinois, the party halted two days. Father Petit wrote, "When we quitted the spot we left six graves under the shadow of the cross."

The course of the march was marked by wayside graves, and the suffering of spirit among those who remained must have been greater than any pain that the body can bear. Around them, all was misery and the fulfilment of their fears since white men first entered their country; behind them, in the rich lands of their fathers, lay the graves of their dead, and the traditions of their greatness; before them stretched an unknown land, and a future that offered no promise.

In these days of their wrongs and sorrows the Indian captives had one good friend and comforter, their devoted priest, Father Petit:

Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling, and blessing and cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate seashore.

Like Father Felician, he administered to them his love and sympathy, as well as their religion.

"*Benedicte*," murmured the priest, in tones of deep compassion.
More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents
Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on the threshold,
Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.

Father Petit saw the Pottawatomie captives established in their new homes in Kansas before he started to return, and may be counted among the victims of the march, for he died of the prevalent fever, which he had contracted before he began his return trip to the St. Joseph mission. He was buried at St. Louis, and later his remains were brought back for interment to Notre Dame, where they repose under the sanctuary of the chapel. There a tablet commemorates him.

It is not known where Chief Menominee is buried. It is thought that he died on the way to Kansas, or shortly after his tribe reached the new reservation. The worst had come to the poor old man, and, as he jolted over the road to Kansas, his heart must sometimes have been bitter and in need of the consolation of his devoted priest and his belief in God, for the men he trusted had failed him! He had not become unjust in his judgment, but still said, "The President does not know the truth. He, like me, has been imposed upon. He would not by force drive me from my home, the graves of my tribe, and of my children who have gone to the Great Spirit. My brother, the President, is just."

The incident was closed, and it was many years before white men thought much of the wrongs that he and his red men suffered. But at last sympathy spoke, and, just seventy-one years after Menominee and his people were carried captives from their homes, the state of Indiana raised a monument in his honor on the spot where his chapel had stood. It was a tardy recognition, but it does him justice and its inscription in granite will help to tell the future his story.

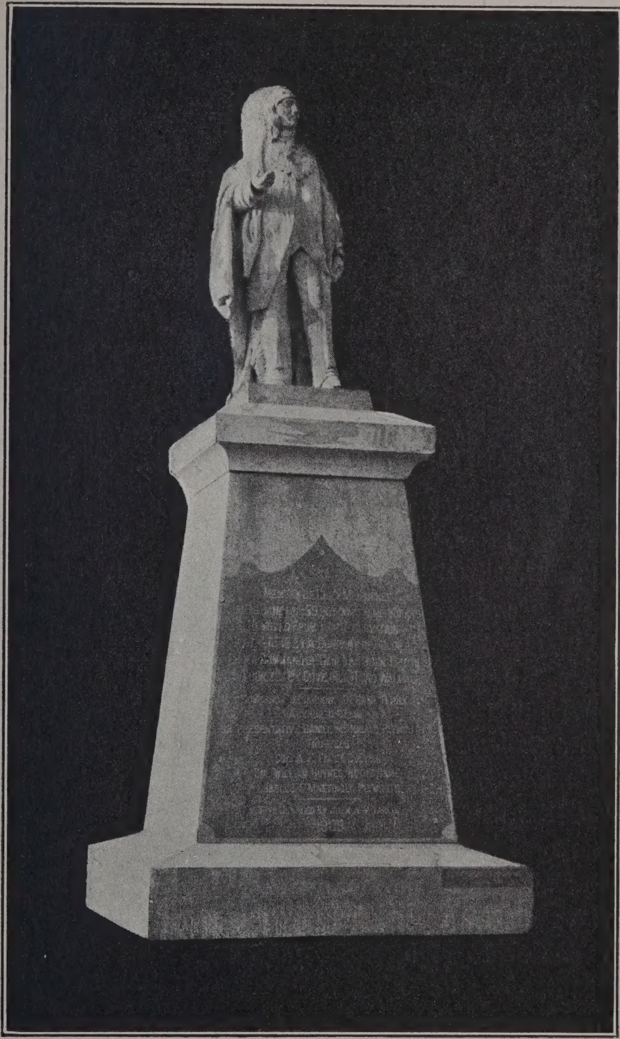
IN MEMORY OF
CHIEF MENOMINEE
and his
BAND OF 859 POTTAWATOMIE INDIANS,
Removed from this Reservation, September 4, 1838
By a Company of Soldiers under the Command of
COL. JOHN TIPTON
Authorized by Governor David Wallace

GOVERNOR J. FRANK HANLEY

Author of Law
REPRESENTATIVE DANIEL MCDONALD, PLYMOUTH.

It was poetically fit that the great-granddaughter of Chief Pokagon I unveiled the monument of Menominee and made an address on the occasion. When she drew aside the folds of the flag of the United States that veiled it, and the granite figure stood forth as in life, in Indian costume, crowned with eagles' feathers, she said, "It will stand as a monument of humanity, teaching generations yet unborn that the white man and the red man are brothers and God is the father of all." That faith she had learned from her fathers, the friends of Menominee.

Another speaker said that day at the unveiling of the monument, "It has taken many years for the world to reason that the Indian ever had a case before the bar of justice; but that day has come. We hail it with gladness, for it means the supremacy of justice in the white man's breast." An editorial added, "Many a monument has stood proudly to commemorate a



CHIEF MENOMINEE
Statue erected by the State of Indiana at Twin Lakes

noble deed, but never before have we heard of one in memory of a wrong. Is not the Menominee monument a glowing witness to our advance in moral standards? We take as a good omen this awakened spirit of justice; we believe it bodes the dawning of a beneficent day when the stronger shall no longer prey upon the weak. To frankly confess a fault indicates a higher plane of honor and sincerity."

This granite figure does, indeed, stand as a monument of humanity and appreciation of the courage, devotion, faith, and sorrows of the old chief whom men used despitefully, but it has a larger aspect also. It is a voice from the present speaking to the future of an injustice done and repented, an appeal from the fathers who erected it to the sons who will follow: *Do justice, and make old wrongs right.* The state of Indiana has tried to make the old wrong right—to her honor.

When Menominee and his people were taken to Kansas, Chief Leopold Pokagon and a few of his tribe from the St. Joseph Valley were permitted to go into their reservation in Michigan, but many of his people who should have gone with him were taken away to Kansas. He did not blame the government; but, like Menominee, laid the blame upon men who wanted Indian lands. He struck no blow; he held to his Christian faith, with the consolation that it is better to endure a wrong than to commit one. Immediately after his settlement in the new home, he built a church for his people at Silver Creek, two miles northwest of Dowagiac, and for the short term of his remaining life he went on his way quietly, doing the best he could, settling his people in their new home and bringing them into friendly relations with their white neighbors. Two years later he died and was laid to rest in his church, beloved and mourned by his people, and respected by the white settlers.

Pokagon's luxuriant forests have been felled, the grains of the white men are grown in his soil, the wigwams of his people have vanished, and his little log church has been replaced by a larger, modern one. Those who knew that region in the earlier years would hardly recognize it if they returned to it now. Thus time brings a change in all material things. But the noble spirit of the old chief will outlast Time, and his name should be kept alive in the land of his fathers, that he signed away to win peace for his people.

CHAPTER III.

CHIEF SIMON POKAGON.

1825-1899.

Pokagon II was the son of Pokagon I and a sister of Topinabee, and he was born at Bertrand, in the St. Joseph Valley, in 1825. The priest of the mission baptized him with the name of Simon Pokagon. Until he was more than twelve years of age, he spoke only his mother tongue, with a few French words added. He said "boo-zhoo" in greeting—as all Indians did—because the missionaries had greeted the Indians with a "bon jour," which they politely tried to imitate.

When Pokagon was born, his father and the Pottawatomie tribe still owned the great tract of land at the end of the lake; and still twice a year all of the families of the tribe journeyed there and put up their wigwams at the place called "She-gog-ong," which had been one of the richest hunting grounds from ancient times, for there in the spring and the fall herds of buffaloes and dense flocks of birds passed, rounding the foot of the lake in their migrations north and south, such vast herds that the earth shook under their tread, and sometimes at the bank of a river a stampede occurred, when many were trampled to death, so that the hunters did not even need to chase them, but could skin them and cut them up on that spot.

In the greening of the spring the tribe stayed at the camp near Chicago until the wild pigeons had flown northward, for the heavy clouds of those birds passed so low that even the women and the children could discharge arrows into the air and bring them down in great numbers. What they did not eat at their feast that day, they dried and smoked, to use later, when they had gone back to their homes in Wisconsin, Michigan, Indiana, or other localities in Illinois. It was probably at such a spring meeting of the tribes that Marquette had addressed them, at Easter.

In the spring the little Pokagon enjoyed the feast of thanksgiving, which they held according to the ancient custom, to express their gratitude to the Great Spirit for the bounty that they were enjoying. They were glad that the winter was past and that nature was putting forth her new life, and to symbolize this they raised a high pole in the centre of the camp, and on it hung their old garments; then, in their new spring clothes, they all danced about the pole in a circle. As the earth had shed her last year's raiment, so they shed theirs; and, as the earth was now clad in new robes, so they arrayed themselves in theirs. And while they were dancing with joy around the pole, they sang their songs of thanksgiving, and of prayer that Kiji Manito, the Great Spirit, who had brought back Kesus, the sun, would look down with love and compassion upon his dependent children and give them a year of plenty. When the night came on they built their fires and feasted, and shared their feast with the dead, for they did not forget their loved ones, and believed that the dead, also, did not forget.

For most of the year the women and children lived in their quiet wigwams in the forest, while the men of the tribe roamed the woods to procure a supply of game. In the winter, flocks of wild turkeys and deer came south; and each of the seasons brought them its gifts. The tribe were Christian, and black-robed priests and other missionaries came and went, as the best of their friends, to teach them the good way of life.

But the seasons were not all sunshine, and the forest life had its care. White men were moving westward, and the red men feared them even more than white men feared the red. The little Pokagon was present, a child of eight, when his father was forced to sell the tribe's land; he was only twelve when his family barely escaped being exiled to Kansas along with Menominee. That was a time of sorrow, and its shadow hung over the house still when his father died, two years later. Then the tribe was without a chief to advise them how to secure their rights; disputes now broke out among them; and all were poor, for the pay that had been promised for their land had not been received, and they did not have skill in making a living in civilized life, as the white men do.

However, the boy Pokagon was happy, for his mother was loving and kind, and soon he was sent to school to learn the white man's language, and to study so that he might be a capable man. For five years he was at different schools; then he came back to his mother and his people, and later became their chief.

The kind words of those who had been his father's friends helped Pokagon to grow into such a man as his father had been. One would say, "This young man is the son of old Pokagon," gazing at him as if he were even then the king of a mighty nation; "He was the most loyal, the bravest man that ever ruled a tribe." Another would remark, "He was a noble man, a perfect chief. He loved his people as he loved himself"; and a third would say, "He loved right and hated wrong. He always spoke the truth." Hearing such high praise of his noble father, the young man tried to act as was becoming in such a father's son, and, when he had acquired his education, he did not use it selfishly for his own advancement, but went back to teach civilized life as well as he could, to help his people. To quote his own poetic language, he urged his people to "be brothers to the white men," and "not to sigh for the years long gone, nor pass again over the bloody trail their fathers trod." He never became such a chief as his father was, with recognized authority, the presiding spirit in the council house; and the Indian people were not always willing to take his good advice. Sometimes they hurt his feelings by accusing him of not being a true Indian, because he gave them advice that they did not like.

He once said, in old age, "I have stood all my life between the white people and my own people. Without gun or bow I have stood between the two contending armies, receiving a thousand wounds from your people and my own. And I have said to my people, when they were bitterly wronged, and felt mortally offended, 'Wait and pray for justice; the warpath will but lead you to the grave.' "

Now, when the young chief returned from college, he asked his mother and an old man who was their friend to go with him in a canoe to some wild forest spot, where they could pitch a camp and hunt and fish. The old people were very glad to go, especially because they saw by this that their boy's heart was the same as before he went away to school, and had not been spoiled by pride in his new accomplishments.

The old man led the party to a wild romantic spot, where a deserted cabin, built of logs of giant size, stood among towering trees on a headland overlooking the water. Within this cabin birds had built their nest, and, when the new occupants entered, they flew out in alarm; but soon they saw that their neighbors were not enemies, and presently they returned, though with a suspicious eye. When the fire on the great hearth was lit, it was seen that the cabin had still other guests, for in the red light bats flitted and dodged, here and there, and then out of sight; and with a soft, whizzing sound, flying squirrels passed and repassed in curved lines from wall to wall.

Before the dawn appeared, Pokagon waked, and stole out of the cabin in time to hear the morning feathered bells awaking nature with their "Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill! Whippoorwill!" and the warblers chanting their morning hymn, "Rejoice and praise Him! Rejoice and be glad! Rejoice! Rejoice! The sunrise was beautiful over the river and the hills. At last the alarm birds, the blue jays, screamed out their hawklike cries, when abruptly the concert of other birds closed, and all was still.

That morning the youth had the good luck to shoot a deer. He dressed it and carried it across his shoulders down a trail through the woods to the old wigwam, where he heard his mother's voice, singing in her native tongue the words of a Christian song that she had learned at the mission. She did not see him, while he stood and listened with a full heart:

In Indian

We-di bad-wi-a-ki mik-wan wad-ji-gang,
We-di India's O-ja-kaw-es a-ga-ming,
A-ton Afric's gi-siss sig-wan-og,
Ti-ta-bi-na o-no as-a-wa-jo-ni-a e-kaw-og,
We-di nib-i-waw ge-te-si-bi-og,
We-di nib-i-wan gin-go ni-si- to-ta-wog
Kin nan-don-ge a-bis-ko-nog
Kin-og a-ki maw-tchi bi-mi-na- kog.

In English

From Greenland's icy mountains,
  From India's coral strand,
Where Afric's sunny fountains
  Roll down their golden sand,
From many an ancient river,
  From many a palmy plain,
They call us to deliver
  Their land from error's chain.

Perhaps that was a song that his father had loved, for it expresses well his ideal, the love of men: "I believe that there is but one God, and we are all brothers." After each stanza, and sometimes when half finished, the singer would pause and listen, "as if she loved to hear the echoing angel of the woods join in the refrain," wrote her reverent son. With a heart full of her and her religion, heaven opened to his soul; "I saw Jesus standing with one hand on the sinner's head and the other resting on the throne of the Great Spirit, saying, 'Come unto me!' "

After the song had ended, Pokagon approached cautiously behind his mother and threw his burden down to give her a surprise. She screamed first, and then laughed till the woods rang. She praised his skill, felt of the soft, new, velvety horns, and then exclaimed, "Beautiful, beautiful deer! How could you have the heart to take his life?" But she was pleased with the good food, and prepared it for future use, as was the custom of the tribe.

The young Pokagon enjoyed the hunt and the fishing in that secluded place, with the wonderful grandeur of the forests about him; and, in communion with the Great Spirit, he could feel as his fathers had before him, that he was chief of all he surveyed. His was an unspoiled Indian heart, of the kind that Father Petit had loved.

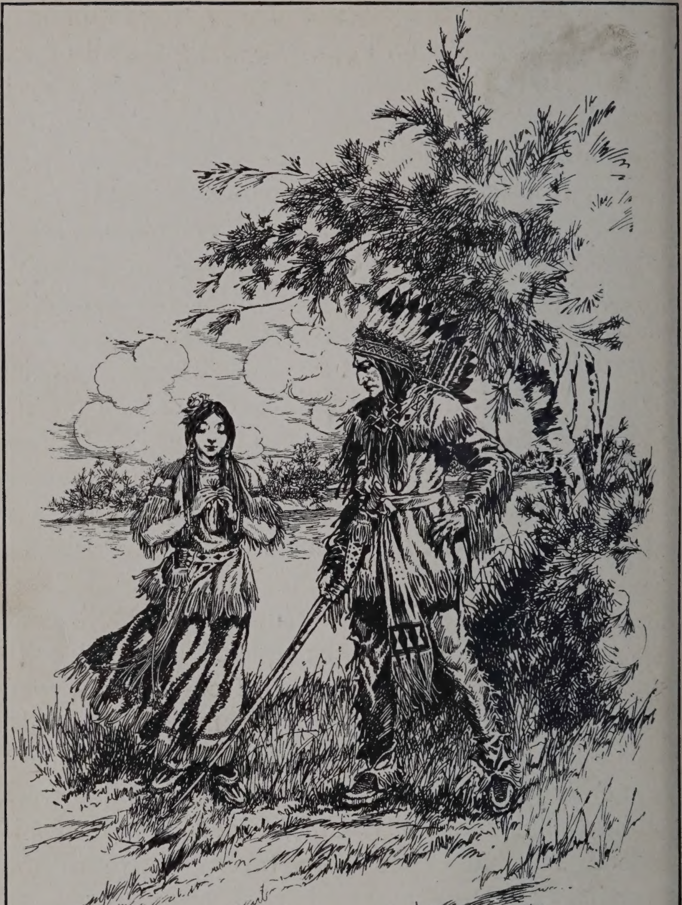
Every now and then while living with his mother in this summer wigwam, Chief Pokagon saw a little Indian maiden with waist of red and skirt of brown going up the shore of the stream on the other side.

As she gaily tripped along she always sang in mimicry of the music of the birds, and she imitated all of the birds perfectly. Sometimes a snow white deer played in circles around this maid, and when she passed out of sight, it would follow on her track as a dog follows its master. He called his mother to see her, and the beauty of the girl and her wonderful singing made them both think she was no mortal maiden. "It must be she is from Manito Auke (the spirit world beyond)," said the youth and his mother.

But the maiden was not a spirit. The young chief dressed himself in his deerskin garments and moccasins, and put on his birch-bark cap trimmed with quills and feathers, and went forth with his bow and arrows, hoping to meet the maid. His hope was not in vain, for she soon came, singing like a bird. She had long black hair, and wore a single rosebud in it.

"Boo-zhoo," he said, and then he added, "Nic-con" (my friend); "Nic-con," she greeted him back with a modest smile, almost suppressed, from her dark eyes.

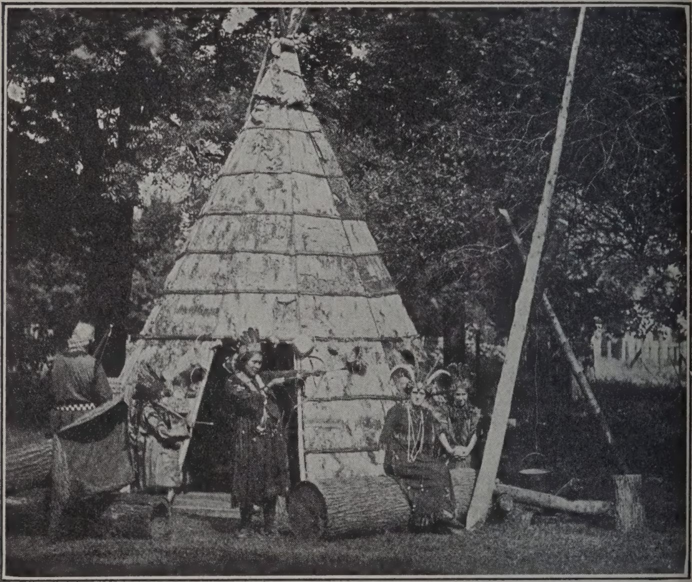
Lonidaw and Pokagon soon became good friends, and he learned her sad story. Her mother had been his mother's playmate and foster-sister when they were children, and her father, Chief Sinegaw, one of his father's sub-chiefs, had been taken captive in the church at Twin Lakes and carried away to Kansas along with Menominee. When he was first made captive, he sent word to his wife to flee into the swamp for safety, and this she did, finding a hiding-place in a hollow sycamore, where her little Lonidaw was born in the night, while the wolves were howling around


Enos B Comstock

LONIDAW AND POKAGON

and a panther cried like a child in pain. The poor young mother lay in hiding without food for seven days, when she made her way to the north and found a home among the friendly Ottawa tribe. There she learned to make baskets and do grass work, with which to support herself and her little daughter. Late in the winter Sinegaw returned, having travelled from Kansas, on foot and alone, a thousand miles across the great plains and the "father of waters." His health and spirits were so broken that he never recovered, and he began to drink "fire-water," trying to gain new life; but, alas, that consumed him in a few years. "He faded and fell, as fall the leaves in the autumn," said his wife, in pity of his weakness.

Soon Lonidaw, or Loda, as they called her, was more than a friend to the young Pokagon, for when the moon of flowers and bloom came again, and the birds were mating, and the trees were putting on their new robes of green, he took her hand and she became his bride. "Simaw," said Lonidaw's mother, "you must not forget that the Great Spirit will watch your treatment of my only child, who was in sorrowing exile born. Yes, remember, His eyes are the sun by day, the moon and stars by night; hence, remember this, you cannot hide yourself, nor your acts, from Manito." No bells were rung, no feast was given, no priest declared them one; but they pledged their sincere faith before her mother and the King of Heaven, as was the Indian custom, and, hand in hand, followed an ancient trail, seeking a fit place to build. Beside Sa-gai-gan, the inland lake that is rich in Indian tradition and beautiful with a growth of rushes and wild rice, they built their wigwam of birch bark under the towering trees.



POTTAWATOMIE WIGWAM

This was made of birch bark. It was erected at Twin Lakes, Indiana, at the unveiling of Menominee's Statue. It is now on the grounds of the Normal School at Ypsilanti, Michigan. Julia Pokagon Quagno, great-granddaughter of Pokagon I, is drawing the bow.

It was a beautiful Indian home, full of peace and joy. The young chief called his wife in Indian language (for she knew no other), O-gi-maw-kwe Mit-i-gwa-ki, Queen of the Woods, and truly she was his queen, and queen of all of the wild creatures about them. The milk white deer that had always followed her died of grief and jealousy because she loved Pokagon best—the Indians said that it pined away into a wraith and vanished when they shot at it. Zowan, her dog, would gather flowers for her from the forest and lilies from the lakes, and she could charm the squirrels out of the trees and the birds out of the sky by talking to them in their own language. While she held them under her spell, she would not let any one do them an injury, for she learned to rejoice with them, and to mourn with them, and had sympathy with all creatures of the wood. When people asked her to call birds and beasts together so that they could shoot them, Loda would say, "No, no; I cannot tell them I am their friend, and while they trust in Loda have you shoot them down. I hate the snake, that charms to kill." She never betrayed the trust of the wild creatures of the wood.

Pokagon's love for his little family was "all a sea without a shore," he tells us, when a little boy, Olondaw, was born, and again when a little girl, Hazeleye, arrived. The little boy learned to bend a bow and shoot arrows from it, and the little girl plaited rushes and played with her dolls. She had boy dolls and girl dolls, and, when she put them to sleep, she was a good little mother to them, for she carefully changed them from side to side so that they might have sweet dreams and sleep well. Olondaw taught Hazeleye to play with him at shooting, and made her a little bow and arrows. Her arrows were feathered white, and his were red.

When Olondaw was a half-grown boy he was sent away for three years to school, and at the end of that time came back a great, tall boy; but all that he had studied there was little profit, for he had learned to drink liquor, and his mouth smelled of the dragon's breath. Before long his life went out, and his parents were left in the night of sorrow. His poor mother, Lonidaw, never recovered from the blow, and when she died she asked her husband to promise that as long as he lived he would fight the demon of fire-water, that had destroyed her father and her child, and many others of her race. This promise he gave her willingly, and he kept it well. In the years that followed he delivered many temperance sermons and addresses, and translated many more into the Indian language. Like his noble father, he taught his people, by both precept and example, to drink no liquor. From early times the wise men of his tribe had fought the evil of intemperance; in 1704 they and the neighboring tribes had petitioned the Governor in Montreal to stop the sale of liquor in the Indian lands. Chief Pokagon I forbade the traders to bring liquor into his territory, and if he found that his order had been disobeyed, he seized the barrels and poured the "fire-water" on the ground.

When Lonidaw was gone, it seemed to Chief Pokagon that the whole world had changed—the flowers that he saw through bitter tears seemed to droop along the trail where she had planted them, the birds about the lake seemed to join with the waves in chanting her requiem, and, as night came on, the fire-fly meteors that flashed on every side seemed to him like guardian angels sent from the eternal world to guide her spirit home.

Again and again Chief Simon Pokagon tried to persuade the United States Government to pay the claims of his people for the sale of their land, but little attention was paid by most of the officials before whom his case was laid. Perhaps they were too busy, or considered his claim outlawed. He had copies of all of the legal papers to prove his claim just. After President Lincoln took up the case, part of the money was paid. Some of the Pottawatomie Indians fought in the Civil War, and after that conflict was ended President Grant received Chief Pokagon and thanked him for the services that the tribe had rendered to the nation. Together they smoked the calumet, but the last of the Indian claim remained still unpaid in the last decade of the century, when Pokagon had grown old.

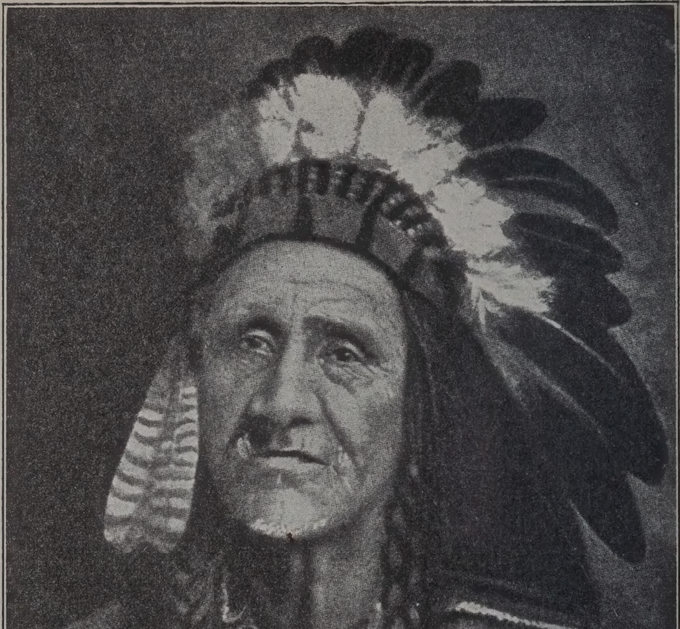
In the meantime, a world-city had grown up on the soil of the old camping ground at She-gog-ong, and, in 1893, proud young Chicago invited all of the world to be her guests and to attend her Columbian Exposition. Invitations were sent out to all of the great nations, and on the opening day representatives from all had gathered there. Many commissioners and invited guests, of whom one was the Duke of Veragua, a descendant of Columbus, sat in places of honor—but nobody had remembered to honor the Indians with a place, and Chief Pokagon and some of his people stood unasked amid the audience. The fair was built upon the very spot where their tents had been pitched a generation back, and where the old chief had played when he was a child in his father's wigwam—and the ground had not been paid for. The busy world had forgotten. It was a tragic moment, and an orator might have touched men's hearts that day by telling of his presence.

While Pokagon stood there, thinking sadly of the wrongs of his people, he made a resolution to do what he could to make men understand his race, and remember; and in this frame of mind he wrote the address that is called *The Red Man's Greeting.* It might be better named *The Red Man's Rebuke.* It was dedicated to William Penn, and to all others who did justice to the red man and recognized him as a brother; and it spoke in a voice of righteous wrath the indignation that the old chief felt on behalf of the Indian people. He printed it in a little book made of the bark of the white birch, the tree that supplies the Indians their writing material, their clothes and utensils, wigwams and canoes, light and fire for the council chambers, even ribands with which their maidens tie the knot to seal the vows of their marriage. Pokagon thought the birch symbolically fit for his little book because it was so useful in Indian life, and because, like the Indian, it is vanishing from our forests.

The justice of the reproach in the *Red Man's Greeting,* the manliness of its spirit, and the beauty of its style secured for it a wide attention. It awakened the conscience and touched the hearts of the public. "It is a cry from the Indian heart for the woes of his people," wrote a reviewer, "No one can read it without realizing the other side of the Indian question." It was full of indignation, but also free from vindictiveness.

It was through the spirit breathed by the *Red Man's Greeting* that Mayor Harrison of Chicago and some ladies friendly to the Indian race invited Pokagon to attend the Fair as the guest of the city. The old chief met the committees with as much composure as if he had been among his own people in his own council-house. He made a speech, advising them to organize a congress for educated Indians to discuss the problems of their race:

"I am glad that you are making an effort, at last, to have the educated people of my race take part in the great celebration. That will be much better for the good of our people in the hearts of the dominant race, than war-whoops and battle-dances, such as I to-day witnessed on Midway Plaisance. It will encourage our friends, and encourage us. To-morrow will make the sixtieth year that has passed since my father sold for his tribe over one million acres of land, including the site of this city and the grounds on which the Exposition now stands, for three cents an acre. I have grown old trying to get the pay for my people. I have just returned from the City of the Great Father, where I have been allowed by the Court of Claims one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which I expect will soon be paid. We wish to rejoice with you, and will accept your invitation with gratitude. The world's people, from what they have so far seen



CHIEF POKAGON

In his tribal attire as he appeared at the World's Fair on Chicago Day, Oct. 9, 1893

Painted by M. O. Whitney

of us on the Midway, will regard us as savages; but they shall yet know that we are human as well as they. The children of my father will always love those who help us to show that we are *men*."

The authorities now tried to atone for their oversight, and made the old chief the centre of the ceremonies of the city's celebration. He was the link between *She-gog-ong*, the wild tract of Indian land a generation past, and *Chicago*, one of the greatest commercial centres of the earth to-day. In the impressive historical pageant that moved through the city on Chicago Day, Pokagon stood the central figure, clad in the costume of the Pottawatomie chief of his father's generation, crowned with the eagle feathers, holding in his outstretched hands his father's copy of the deed of the Chicago lands, while around him the officials of the United States were grouped, dressed also in the costume of the early period. What a marvellous change had come about in one man's life, and what that change meant to the Indians! Again that day the old chief was the centre of the ceremonies, when he delivered the address at the west plaza of the Administration Building of the Exposition. The preface to his speech was his presentation to the city of the deed by which his father sold the land, and a request that he made the Mayor, Carter Harrison, to assist him in showing to the world the advancement that the Indians have made in this generation in independence and self-development. A new Liberty Bell had been suspended on the platform, and now, smiling so that he might hide his tears, he raised the rope of red, white and blue, and rang out the message entrusted to him by his tribe—*Peace on earth, good will to men; the Fatherhood of God, and the brotherhood of men.* Laying aside his headdress of eagle feathers, that belonged to him as a chief (he had not intended to wear it, but yielded to the wish of the committee), he delivered his address. His manner was, as usual, quiet, dignified and self-possessed. His words were earnest, an exhortation to his people not to harbor bitterness for the wrongs that they had suffered, but to lay aside all tribal differences and become truly citizens, "Kings and Queens of this Great Republic." At the conclusion of his speech he rose to a sublime climax of faith:

"I now realize that the hand of the Great Spirit is open in our behalf; already He has thrown His searchlight on the vault of the heavens, and Christian men and women are reading in characters of fire well understood: *'The red man and the white man are brothers, and God is the Father of all.'* "

These are the words that Pokagon had adopted for his life message, and it is fit that they should be chiselled upon his monument, when that is raised, to be treasured in the hearts of both the red and the white men of the future.

The next occasion of his appearance was to him a very sad one, for personal reasons—the burial of Mayor Carter Harrison, who had been stricken down by assassination just before the close of the Columbian Exposition. One of the last kind acts of the Mayor's life had been to write to Pokagon, enclosing the money necessary for his expenses and inviting him to come again to Chicago, to be his guest and take part in the closing ceremonies. At the base of the Liberty Bell the old chief, broken by sorrow, spoke in honor of his dead friend. When he began his voice was scarcely above a whisper:

"He said we were brothers, and I loved him as such, for in his veins ran the blood of my race—Pocahontas! On Chicago Day we both stood beside this bell. He then promised that he would help my people. I knew he would keep his word, and two days ago I received an invitation to become his guest. Gladly I came, but on the way I learned that he was dead. In my sorrow I knew not what to do. He alone at the fair welcomed those of my race who have climbed the heights of manhood. He was to help my people get the money promised them for the land on which stands the city he helped to make great. On the natal day of his city, he bade the Pottawatomies and all progressive Indians welcome. To-day we mourn him, for every Indian has lost a friend."

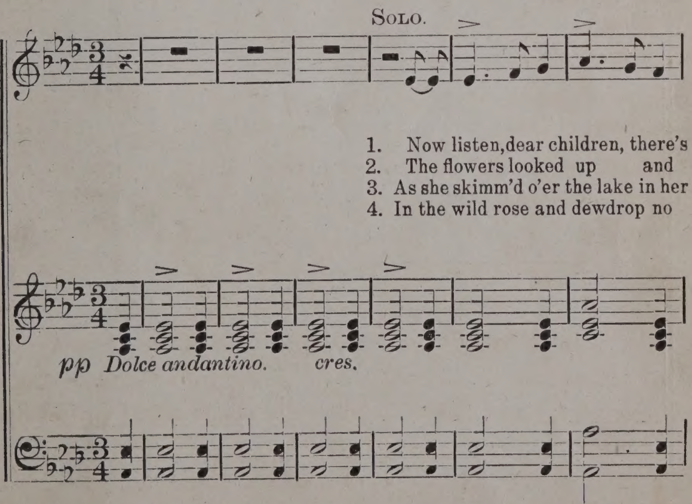
It is gratifying to know that President Cleveland took the matter of the Pottawatomie claims into consideration, and that Congress adopted his recommendation to pay the tribe the last of the unpaid purchase money. In 1896, sixty-three years after the land was sold by the father, the tribe received its pay through the efforts of the son. It was a meagre sum, compared with the value of the land, but it showed on the part of the Government good will and a desire to right old wrongs, and it gave the greatest satisfaction to the old chief and his people. When the claim was paid he called his tribe together and again impressed upon their minds the necessity of building homes and raising crops, and he shared the money with them, and shared only equally. He did not even ask repayment for his expenses in obtaining it, and it was his pride that the youngest child of the tribe had received as large a share as he. "He was a good chief and loved his people as he loved himself" should be said of him, as it was said of his father.

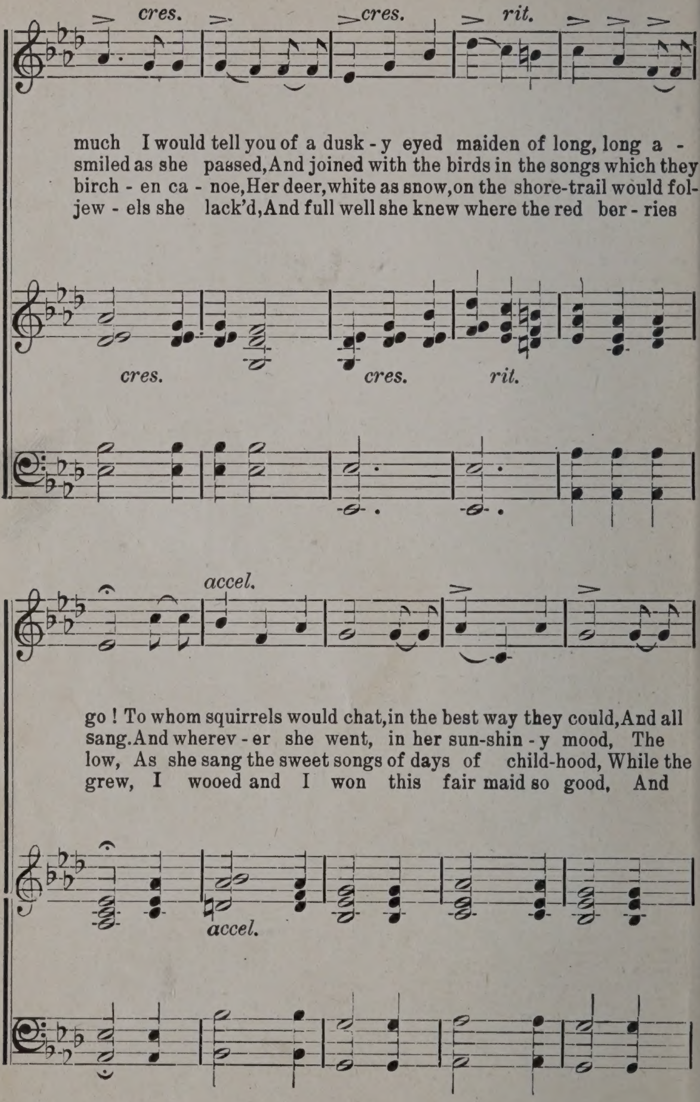
Pokagon appreciated the fact that the fate of his tribe is to be in the hands of its children, and so he had their education greatly at heart. He made frequent trips to the Government School for Indians at Lawrence, Kansas, and through his efforts many of the children of his tribe attended that school. In this good work he did for the Indian children what a kind priest had done for him when he was a child. He was very fond of children; "He was a kind grandfather," says his own granddaughter, "and he always brought us candy when he came. Not all grandfathers do that." One of the occasions that he enjoyed very much in the last year of his life was that when he sent a greeting to the children of the Jackson Park and Ray Schools in Chicago for their *Concert of Many Nations.* For that concert the different groups of children were dressed in the national costumes of the various countries, and each group sang a cradle song of the nation it represented. The Indian group, preparing for its part of the entertainment, wrote to Chief Pokagon, requesting him to send them an Indian song, and in response he wrote for them the words of his beautiful *Queen of the Woods.* It was set to music by Mrs. H. H. Hayes, one of the Chicago pioneers who had heard much Indian music in her girlhood, when members of her family had been among the officials of the Northwest Territory, and who from love of the Indian's traditions and history of the city has done much to preserve them.

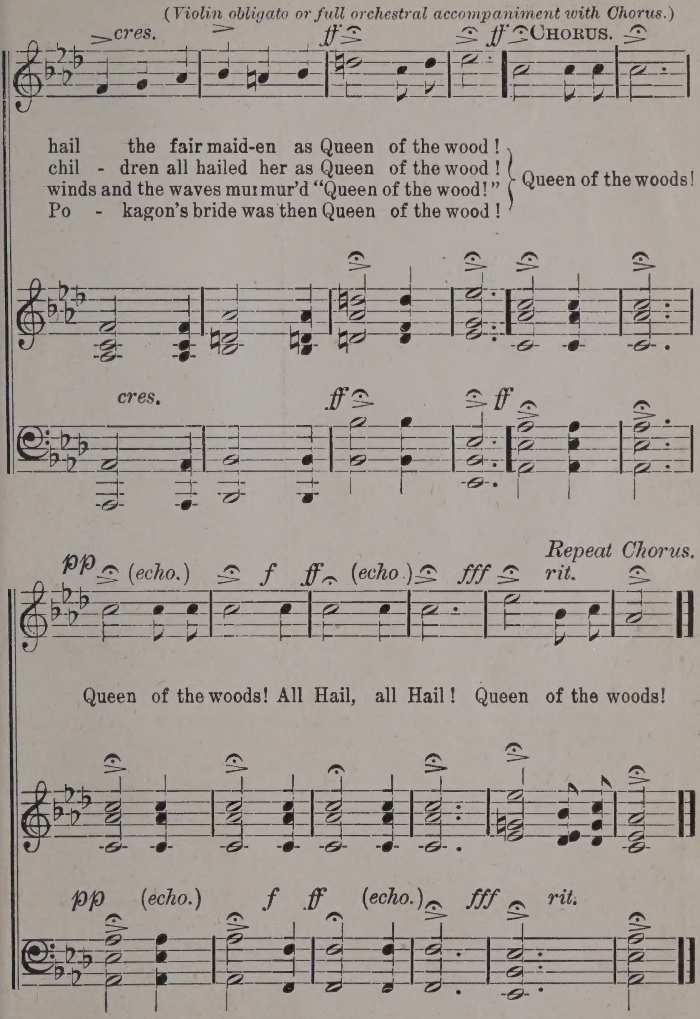
Queen of the Woods.

Words by POKAGON II, Hereditary Chief of Pottawatomies.

(To be sung like the swaying of the breeze among the trees of the forest.)


SOLO.
1. Now listen, dear children, there's
2. The flowers looked up and
3. As she skimm'd o'er the lake in her
4. In the wild rose and dewdrop no
pp Dolce andantino.
cres.


cres.
cres.
rit.
much I would tell you of a dusk - y eyed maiden of long, long a -
smiled as she passed, And joined with the birds in the songs which they
birch - en ca - noe, Her deer, white as snow, on the shore-trail would fol-
jew - els she lack'd, And full well she knew where the red ber - ries
cres.
cres.
rit.
accel.
go ! To whom squirrels would chat, in the best way they could, And all
sang. And wherev - er she went, in her sun-shin - y mood, The
low, As she sang the sweet songs of days of child-hood, While the
grew, I wooed and I won this fair maid so good, And
accel.


(Violin obligato or full orchestral accompaniment with Chorus.)
cres.
ff
ff
CHORUS.
hail the fair maid-en as Queen of the wood!
chil - dren all hailed her as Queen of the wood!
winds and the waves murmur'd "Queen of the wood!"
Po - kagon's bride was then Queen of the wood!
Queen of the woods!
cres.
ff
ff
pp
(echo.)
f
ff
(echo.)
fff
Repeat Chorus.
rit.
Queen of the woods! All Hail, all Hail! Queen of the woods!
pp
(echo.)
f
ff
(echo.)
fff
rit.

Music by Mrs. H. H. Hayes, a student of Indian melody.

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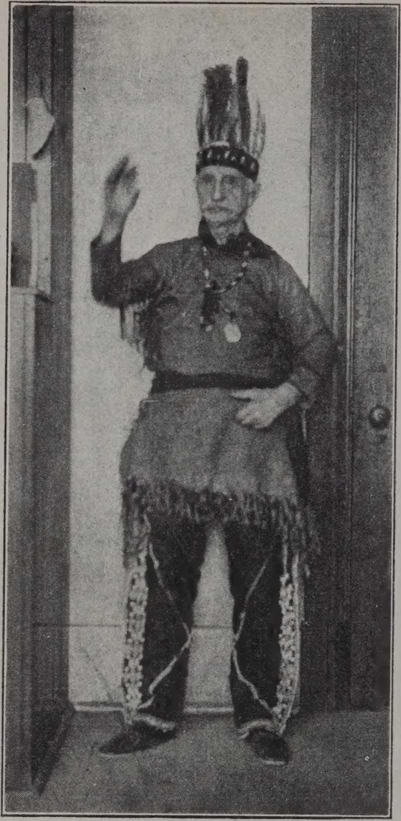

FERNANDO JONES

This portrait of the late Hon. Fernando Jones of Chicago shows the ancient Indian costume worn by him when a boy at the great Chicago Encampment, Sept., 1835.

When the children had finished their singing, the Honorable Fernando Jones, who had lived in Chicago since its very early days and was now the vice-president of its Pioneer Society, came forward, dressed in Indian costume, and sang the song of the *Queen of the Woods* in the Indian language, calling her, as Pokagon did, O-gi-maw-que Mit-i-gwa-ki. He had played with Chief Pokagon when the two were children, and now told many anecdotes about this playmate, and about the great Chief Pokagon I, his father. The Indian costume that he wore that day was the very garment he had worn sixty-four years earlier, in 1835, when he was present at the last Pottawatomie encampment in Chicago. The suit had been made for him by the daughter of a chief, and is to be preserved by the Historical Society of Chicago.

After Pokagon's death, an Indian lullaby was found among his papers, which he is supposed to have written at the request of Mrs. Hayes. It is a song of his own home:

HAZELEYE'S LULLABY

O, close your bright eyes, brown child of the forest,
And enter the dreamland, for you're tired of play;
Draw down the dark curtain with long silken fringes,
An-na-moosh* will attend on your mystical way.

CHORUS:

Hush-a-by, rock-a-by, brown little papoose,
O, can you not see, if you give the alarm,
Zowan,† beside you, is willing and eager
To guard and defend you, and keep you from harm?

Wind-rocked and fur-lined, covered o'er with bright blanket,
Your cradle is swung 'neath the wide-spreading trees,
Where the singing of birds and chatting of squirrels
Will lull you to rest 'midst the hum of wild bees.

CHORUS:

Your father is hunting to bring home the bearskin,
While mother plaits baskets of various hue,
Na-ko-mis‡ is weaving large mats of wild rushes,
And Nonnee§ sends arrows so swift and so true.

CHORUS:

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* A dog.
† Their dog.
‡ Grandmother.
§ Her little brother.

In the years following the World's Fair, Pokagon was honored by many invitations to speak on public occasions, and he often expressed his friendliness toward his white brothers and his appreciation of the work they had done in this land. These noble sentiments, along with his personal dignity and courage, made white men appreciate him highly. From the hardy pioneers to the men of culture and learning in his audiences, all loved to hear Pokagon speak. He had a poet's heart, full of love and generosity, and his style was that of the Indian, with vivid pictures and with figures of speech reflecting the most beautiful features of nature. In his delivery he was never anything but simple and direct, and all of the appreciation and public honor that he received did not make him self-conscious or spoil him in the least, by puffing him up with vanity. "He was the humblest man I ever knew," said his life-long friend. "He was unrivalled in patience and forbearance." Pokagon avoided discussing the wrongs done his people, for he was sensitive on that subject. "The authorities at Washington meant all right," he would say, like Chief Menominee, "but they were deceived by bad agents who made them false reports." He never showed a jealousy of the white men, but always admiration of their skill. Some of his speeches will best show the nobility of his spirit in these respects.

One of his best speeches was made at the celebration of the semi-centennial of the settlement of the city of Holland, Michigan, in 1897. The Dutch settlers of that "Colony," as it was called, like those of early

New York, maintained happy relations with their Indian neighbors, and were grateful to them for many kindnesses received in their times of need. "They were our best friends," said one of the pioneers. When the food of the settlement failed, the generous red men shared their supply of corn with the newcomers, and when the minister of the congregation lost his way in the frozen forest in winter, natives saved the life of the unconscious man by carrying him along to safety. The old chief's speech at Holland was delicately appreciative of the situation:

"Ladies and Gentlemen:

"I welcome you one and all as the true nobility of this land. I am indeed glad to meet you at this important meeting of the fathers and mothers who have reclaimed from an unbroken wilderness a paradise, if such there be on earth.

"I would not have you think that I flatter myself that I was invited here on account of my reputation for intelligence, as I keenly realize that you have looked forward to my coming with a sort of novel pride, that you might point me out to your children and say, 'Behold, a living specimen of the race that we once neighbored, a race that we once loved—and yet with that love was mingled distrust and fear.'

"Our people who sleep beneath your soil came here from the coast of the Atlantic. They were pioneers in their time as you are to-day, and when they first entered these beautiful woodland plains they said in their hearts, 'We are surely on the borderland of the Happy

Hunting Grounds beyond.' I pray you, do not covet the narrow ground they occupy and thereby desecrate and hide their resting place. For the good of yourselves and your children you had better erect some simple monument over their remains, and engrave thereon: 'An unknown Red Man lies buried here.'

"Here our people built their wigwams, and their children played under the green pavilion of the mighty forests, as happily as your children now play in the open field or on your decorated lawns. I speak of this not complainingly, for I have always taught my people not to sigh for years gone by, nor pass again over the bloody trail their fathers trod. I fully realize that, as pioneers of this land, you had mountains of difficulty to overcome, of which our race knew not. The same forest that frowned upon you smiled upon us. The same forest that was ague and death to you, was our bulwark and defence. The same forest you have cut down and destroyed, we loved, and our great fear was that the white man in his advance westward would mar or destroy it. I fully realize how hard you labored, day in and day out, year in and year out, to reclaim your farms from the unbroken forests, until the wilderness budded and blossomed as the rose. I pray that your children will fully appreciate the goodly inheritance they have and will receive from your hands. Do not forget the command: 'Honor thy father and mother, that thy days may be long upon the land, which the Lord thy God, the Great Spirit, hath given thee!' As your parents cut down the mighty forests that covered the land, so may you push forward the great car of reformation, until all enemies that press down the right and uphold the wrong shall be overthrown.

"Fathers and Mothers! How dear those names! And while I have here stood among strangers, my heart has continually whispered in my ears, saying, 'Pokagon, your father and mother a century ago passed and repassed this very spot along their winding trails.' Mr. Prentice, an honored citizen of this country, who has just gone into the world beyond, were he alive and here to-day, would tell you how when he was a young man, lost and starving, he found our wigwam home, and how he shared our simple meals and beds for many moons. We loved him dearly, and when he left us, we all wept. It rejoices my heart to feel that he and my father are in that Great Wigwam, where there are many rooms prepared by our Heavenly Father.

"I am getting old and feeble, and I feel that one foot is lifted to step into the world beyond. I have stood all my life as a peacemaker between your people and my own, trying to soothe the prejudices of the two races against each other.

"In conclusion, permit me to say I rejoice with the joy of childhood that you have granted a 'son of the forest' a right to speak to you; and the prayer of my heart shall ever be so long as I live, that the Great Spirit will bless you and your children, and that the generations yet unborn may learn to know that we are all brothers, and that God is the Father of all."

At Liberty, Indiana, in 1898, Pokagon made an address to the society called the Order of Red Men, in which he expressed his pleasure that some of the traditions of his race were being remembered in their ceremonies:

"The Red Men's Order highly compliments our race by dividing time into suns and moons, as our forefathers did, all of which goes to show that they understood the fact that we lived close to the Great Heart of Nature, and that we believed in one Great Spirit who created all things, and governs all. Hence that noble motto, born with our race—*Freedom, Friendship, and Charity*—was wisely chosen for their guiding star. Yes, *Freedom, Friendship, Charity!* Those heaven-born principles shall never, never die! It was by those principles our fathers cared for the orphans and the unfortunate, without books, without laws, without judges; for the Great Spirit had written His laws in their hearts, which they obeyed.

"Our camp-fires have all gone out. Our Council fires blaze no more. Our wigwams and they who built them, with their children, have forever disappeared from this beautiful land, and I alone of all the chiefs am permitted to behold it again.

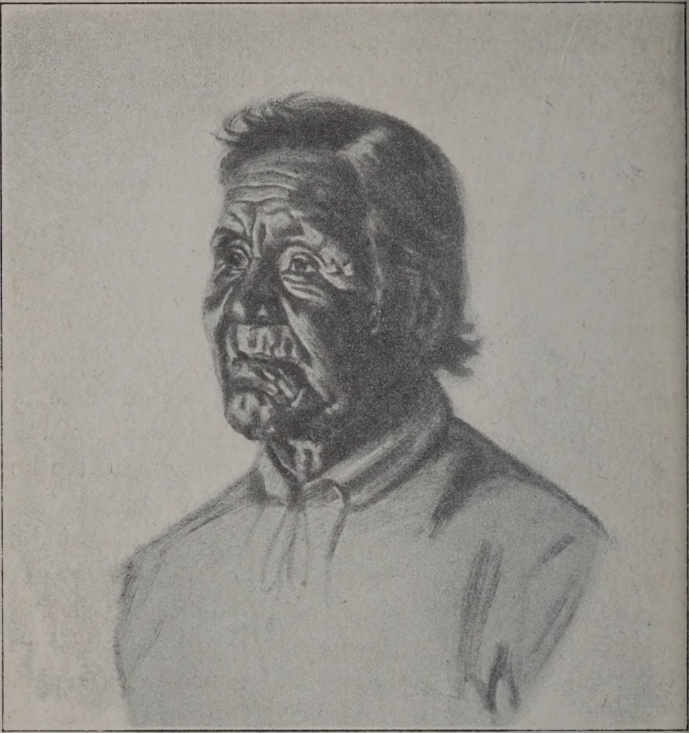
"But what a change! Where cabins and wigwams once stood, now stand churches, schoolhouses, cottages and castles; and where we walked or rode in single file along our winding trails, now locomotives scream like some beast of prey, rushing along their iron tracks, drawing after them long rows of palaces with travellers therein, outstripping the flight of eagles in their course! As I behold this mighty change all over the face of this broad land, I feel about my heart as I did in childhood when I saw for the first time the rainbow spanning the cloud of the departing storm."

Perhaps the aged Chief did not know the story of King Arthur in the poetry of Tennyson, but in his generous appreciation of the race that had conquered his, he was speaking like the epic hero, after his defeat and the loss of all that he had loved. This was his beautiful Indian way of saying:

> The old order changeth, giving place to new,
> And God fulfils himself in many ways.

He had seen beauty and goodness in the forest life of his people, but his generous heart enabled him to see it in the white man's new civilization, too, and to be glad that the new order was so beautiful and good.

In 1898 Pokagon's last portrait was painted, at the request of the Field Museum, by E. A. Burbank. It shows us the old chief's face weakened by age, but full of character, radiant with interest, direct and noble in its gaze, gentle and friendly in its general expression. The artist tells that these were the notable qualities in Pokagon's character, that he was a very interesting sitter to talk to, and able to speak a beautiful English. Sometimes he would be heard talking to the birds near his home, and he claimed that his bird friends came every day and talked to him—perhaps he had learned their language from Lonidaw. Sometimes he talked about his Indian people, and sometimes about the large tract of land near the Chicago river, that had been set aside by the Government for his band, but had never been given them or paid for. The importance of arti-



CHIEF SIMON POKAGON

Last Portrait, painted by E. A. Burbank in 1898

"One of the most kind and tender-hearted men I have ever known."—Burbank

cles that he had written was now recognized, and Mr. Burbank urged him to give himself no peace until he had finished his writing. Unfortunately, much of his material and all of his precious documents from his father's time were destroyed in a fire that burned down his house.

The one good thing that grew out of that misfortune was that it offered an opportunity for friends to do him the kindness of building him a house as a gift. His good friend, J. C. Engle, of Hartford, Michigan, who had helped him with legal advice for forty years without accepting payment, helped him now in this, and also in the still greater project of publishing the story he had written, *O-gi-maw-kwe Mit-i-gwa-ki, Queen of the Woods,* which shows his ideals, if not always the exact facts of his life. In this beautiful Indian idyl, he left us a revelation of the depths of the Indian heart. Just before it had issued from the press, after a very short illness, the old chief died, on January 27, 1899. The true friendship and the appreciation that he had met with from some of the white men must have done much to heal the wound of the injustice done by others to his tribe. An attempt was made to have his body taken to Chicago and interred with public honor in Graceland Cemetery, near the grave of John Kinzie, the first white resident. Perhaps it is most fit that his quiet grave should lie, as it does, far from the great city, amid the fields of the retreat in Michigan, near the sand-dunes of South Haven and the shores of Lake Sag-i-a-gan.

APPENDIX

PORTION OF A TREATY WITH THE POTOWATOMIES

[CONCLUDED OCTOBER 27, 1832—RATIFIED JANUARY 21, 1833.]

Articles of a treaty, made and concluded on the Tippecanoe river, in the State of Indiana, on the twenty-seventh day of October, in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-two, between Jonathan Jennings, John W. Davis, and Marks Crume, commissioners on the part of the United States, and the chiefs and warriors of the Potowatomies, of the State of Indiana and Michigan Territory.

ART. 1. The chiefs and warriors aforesaid cede to the United States their title and interest to lands in the States of Indiana and Illinois, and in the Territory of Michigan south of Grand river.

ART. 2. From the cession aforesaid, the following reservations are made, to wit: The reservation at Po-ca-gan's village for his band, and a reservation for such of the Potowatomies as are resident at the village of Notta-we-sipa, agreeably to the treaties of the nineteenth of September, eighteen hundred and twenty-seven, and twentieth of September, 1828.

* * * * * * * * * * *

The United States agree to appropriate, for the purposes of educating Indian youths, the annual sum of two thousand dollars, as long as the Congress of the United States may think proper, to be expended as the President may direct.

This treaty shall take effect and be obligatory on the contracting parties, as soon as the same shall have been ratified by the President of the United States, by and with the advice and consent of the Senate.

In testimony whereof, the said Jonathan Jennings, John W. Davis, and Marks Crume, commissioners as aforesaid, and the chiefs, head men, and warriors of the Potowatomies, have hereunto set their hands at Tippecanoe, on the twenty-seventh day of October, in the year eighteen hundred and thirty-two.

Jonathan Jennings,
J. W. Davis,
Marks Crume.

To-pe-ne-be, his x mark,
Po-ka-gou, his x mark,
Sa-ga-nah, his x mark,
Pe-che-co, his x mark,
We-is-saw, his x mark,
Che-shaw-gun, his x mark,
Ghe-bause, his x mark,
O-saw-o-wah-co-ne-ah, his x mark,
Mah-gah-guk, his x mark,
Sa-gue-na-nah, his x mark,
Louison Burnet, his x mark,
Shaw-wah-nuk-wuk, his x mark,
Mix-sau-bah, his x mark,
Ne-wah-ko-to, his x mark,
Che-bah, his x mark,
Wah-cose, his x mark,
Mo-nis, his x mark,
O-go-maw-be-tuk, his x mark,
Kaw-kaw-ke-moke, his x mark,
Ke-swah-bay, his x mark,
Win-keese, his x mark,
To-posh, his x mark,
Kawk-moc-a-sin, his x mark,
Sa-maw-cah, his x mark,
Ko-mack, his x mark,
O-guon-cote, his x mark,
Quis-sin, his x mark,
Chou-a-ma-see, his x mark,
Pat-e-ca-sha, his x mark,
Pe-nah-seh, his x mark,
Mix-e-nee, his x mark,
Pe-na-shee, his x mark,
So-wah-quen, his x mark,

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A long list of names follows.

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9-37-
11-37-66
3-38-72
11-40-45
3-41
11-[illegible]
3-44-

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